

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,269, Vol. 49.

February 21, 1880.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE EXPLOSION IN THE WINTER PALACE.

THE latest attempt on the Czar's life is much the most appalling and horrible that has been made. It is not only that for a fourth time within a twelvemonth the life of the Czar has been threatened. That alone would be awful enough. But in this instance the foes of the Czar are those of his own household. Even in his own home his life hangs on a thread. It is difficult to conceive any human being leading a life less worth living than the Emperor of Russia lives at this moment. He walks in what might seem to be the safest of all places, and an attempt is made to assassinate him. He goes by train, and an attempt is made to assassinate him. He is just sitting down to dinner with his only daughter, and an attempt is made to assassinate him. And to the man himself it must add an extra drop of bitterness to the cup of his affliction that he does not deserve his fate. He is not a bad Czar, and no one pretends that he is a bad Czar. It certainly is not saying much for him, but he may safely be said to be the best of his line. He can neither walk, nor travel, nor eat in safety, simply because he is Czar, and represents a detested Government. And he seems to have no safeguards. His statesmen, his generals, his soldiers, and his police can do nothing to protect him. His whole Empire is in a state of siege, and his military governors are as useless to him personally as so many babies could be. Even intelligence received beforehand of a plot against him is no protection. For months it has been announced that something very dreadful was going to happen in the Winter Palace. His guardians were forewarned, and yet the dreadful thing happens in the Winter Palace just as if no warning had been given. In fact, one half of the inhabitants of the Winter Palace must have been conspiring against the other half. It is said that just before the explosion forty arrests were made in the Winter Palace; and, if forty were arrested, and yet enough remained to carry out the long-prepared design, it is difficult to set any limits to the imagination when it is attempted to picture the cruel treachery which must pervade the circles where fidelity would have seemed most assured. The material used appears to have been dynamite. This material must have been procured; and how could it have been procured except by persons of extraordinary influence, who had the command of military stores, or could get it smuggled into the country? This material had to be conveyed into a cellar, and the approach to every cellar was, we are told, jealously guarded. The explosive material was ignited either by electricity or by a long train reaching into an outer court. No one could have introduced a battery or laid a long train in an outer court of a palace where every movement was supposed to be watched, unless possessing some authority, or holding some station which would forbid any close inspection of what was being done. The new attempt differs from the previous attempts on the Czar's life in many important respects. It cuts off from the Czar the last refuge of a hunted man—the refuge of home. It must have been made by the combined efforts of a great number of persons. Those persons must have been in the group of the Czar's household servants, and there must have been among them some, at least, possessed of recognized influence and station. It is too soon as yet to offer any decided opinion on the character of the enterprise; but it looks, so far as can be judged at

present, less like an outbreak of the revolutionary spirit than the intended beginning of a real revolution. Its authors must have planned what they would do in case of success, and they must probably have speculated on the possibility of setting up a Government to their own liking, instead of being contented, like ordinary Nihilists, with trying to make all Governments impossible.

One little ray of light is thrown over the darkness of this terrible event by the intrepid bearing of the Duchess of EDINBURGH in the hour of peril. It is satisfactory to know that the wife of an English Prince behaved in a manner worthy of the family in which she was born and of the family into which she married. Otherwise there is nothing to lessen the gloom and horror which this new attempt on the Czar will inspire here and throughout the civilized world. Every honest man out of Russia will express a genuine horror of the crime, and a Vienna journalist has already proposed to declare the perpetrators out of the pale of humanity. We have no kind of objection; but the question suggests itself whether they would care a straw whether they were declared to be out of the pale of humanity or not. Will they be declared out of the pale of Russian society? Will they be regarded as persons who have tried to do something equally useless and wicked, or as persons who have tried to do something which cannot indeed be wholly approved, but which has its patriotic side? This is a question most difficult to answer; but a considerable amount of testimony, which seems to be independent and tolerably trustworthy, points to the conclusion that there is a very large portion, possibly the majority, of Russian society which has got beyond Nihilism. It has not, of course, got beyond it in the downward direction, for that would be impossible. Men cannot aim at a blank beyond nothing. But it has got beyond Nihilism in the upward direction, and aims at something. It finds that all law has been superseded by military government, and it asks that law may again prevail. It finds the country groaning under an intolerable burden of taxation, and it asks that the nation should have some real control over its expenditure. It finds robbery and corruption predominant, and it asks for some approach to official purity. It finds dummy Ministers, isolated from each other, and all surrounded by Palace favourites. It asks for Ministers who will have real power, who will act together, and who will communicate directly with the Czar. But, above all, it asks for a decent amount of personal security. In order to realize the possible mental attitude of Russians who are by no means Nihilists towards the contrivers of the explosion, we must first realize how completely such Russians are without any personal security. Even if they do their utmost to please the Government, they still are not sure of being safe, for the new system has broken down, and the Government can protect neither itself nor its friends. Every action of their lives is watched by spies, who may be as stupid as spies usually are, but whose very stupidity may be dangerous. At any moment any one may be sent to the Eastern provinces or Siberia. This, indeed, is the ordinary lot of Russians, and to a certain extent they have got used to it. But they used to feel that this extra-judicial punishment was only decreed by supreme authority, by the Czar himself, for what were supposed to be real reasons of State. Now they feel that they are at the mercy of a set of Court favourites who have been scattered over the Empire to show their activity, and who naturally

show it by being active with reason or without. Thus to many Russians the explosion in the Winter Palace may seem to have been only a blow struck in self-defence. It may be assumed that the real question was whether the conspirators or the Government could get the start, and those who live in daily fear of the Government may secretly wish that even people who were ready to do something cruel and wicked had got the start of such a Government as they think theirs to be.

If there is this amount of disaffection, and of disaffection which may to a certain extent be called reasonable, in Russian society, and if the present system has broken down—and it has broken down beyond question—what is the unfortunate, right-minded, bewildered Czar to do? He may end the state of siege, and concede liberal institutions, is one answer. He may abdicate, and let his son do what he cannot do himself, is another answer. He may continue the present system, and strive to make it effectual, is a third answer. He may get up a new war, is a fourth; and the vast tribe of Bismarckian journals strive to persuade Europe that this is the answer that will probably be found to be the one really given. That he will suddenly turn himself into a constitutional monarch seems most improbable. A Czar who became constitutional all in a moment through sheer personal fright would not be a Czar at all. If he worked gradually, he would not be trusted; and if he seemed to own that panic had driven him into reigning, instead of governing, he would be an object of contempt, and would plunge Russia into anarchy. Russia is not in the least fit for popular government. There are no trained constitutional statesmen, there are no officials to be found who are at once pure and capable, there is no pervading common sense in the educated classes, there is no well-to-do peasantry, there is no communion of thought or interests between the large landowner and the small cultivator. LOUIS XVI. was in about as much of a position to found a constitutional monarchy after he had been visited at Versailles by the fishwives of Paris as the Czar would be immediately after he has escaped dying at his own dinner-table. The only reforms that would suit Russia are small, gradual, tentative reforms. There might be a cessation of arbitrary measures, there might be a stop put on Court extravagance, and a reduction of the army. There might be Ministers commanding confidence, and allowed in concert with the Czar to carry out beneficial measures. A better class of officials might by degrees be selected and promoted. The Budget might be subjected to the revision of a Council, the members of which offered some guarantee for independence. It is obvious that reforms of this modest kind could only be made by a Czar who honestly wished to carry them out, and who was honestly thought likely to carry them out by the people. The present Czar has no such wish and commands no such confidence. His son might possibly do what he cannot do, and the Czar might abdicate to give his son the chance. But the Czar may easily convince himself that it is best to hold on. As he disapproves of all concessions of the kind, he may think that his duty to his country forbids that he should allow another to do what he would think it wrong to do. He may consider it inconsistent with his personal dignity to yield to fear what he has declined to yield to reason. Lastly, he may think, and it would be difficult to say that he was wrong in thinking, that the spectacle of a Czar giving up his throne through fear for his life would sooner or later be fatal to his dynasty. If one Czar could do this, the reverence for Czars generally would die away, and gradual reform might be impossible if the fatal secret was disclosed that the policy of a reigning monarch could be changed by an attempt to murder him. All things considered, it seems not improbable that the Czar will try to go on as he has been going on, knowing that he may be killed, but thinking it better to die than to own himself terrorized, and that he will at any rate postpone his abdication, if he ever contemplates abdicating, until he has proved that his courage, however terribly tried, has not failed him.

ENGLISH PARTIES AND FOREIGN POLICY.

THERE are some indications of an increased disinclination to treat foreign and Indian affairs as subjects of party contests. More than one Liberal member has followed the example of Mr. COWEN in de-

fending the general policy of the Government. Even if they are mistaken, they have the merit of understanding that questions of diplomacy and war have but an accidental connexion with differences of political opinion. Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE, in an able and discriminating speech at Calne, lately discussed the policy of the Government in a critical spirit, without indulging in empty invectives either against the Government or against foreign Powers which may offend the political or ecclesiastical prejudices of some of the leaders of his party. The late conversations on the Tripartite Treaty in both Houses retained some traces of the vicious form of controversy which happily tends, since the elections at Liverpool and Southwark, to become obsolete. Sir W. HARcourt unnecessarily expressed a hope that the obligations of the treaty had become void, because, as he said, he wished for the abolition of every guarantee for the maintenance of the Turkish Empire. When Sir W. HARcourt becomes a responsible Minister he will be less anxious to precipitate a crisis which may not improbably end in a general war. He will also remember that some millions of Mahomedans will require a Government, as they cannot be readily extruded bag and baggage into indefinite space. Even if a statesman thought it desirable that any existing Power should be destroyed, he need not embarrass the future action of his own Government by publicly expressing his opinion. Like Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir W. HARcourt proclaims himself the enemy of Turkey and of Austria, though probably on different grounds. It may hereafter be for the public interest that even a Liberal Government should act in concert with the States which are now objects of capricious vituperation. Lord E. FITZMAURICE thinks that Mr. GLADSTONE dislikes Austria as the ally of Germany, and Germany on account of the FALK laws. It is equally probable that he may be under the influence of his early Italian sympathies.

It is not explained why Sir W. HARcourt has become the enemy of States which have given him no provocation. He need be under no apprehension that Turkey will be saved from ruin by the Tripartite Treaty. Lord G. HAMILTON, with sufficient accuracy for the occasion and the audience, told a Conservative Association that the treaty was no longer binding. As none of the three parties to the agreement had called on the rest to execute its provisions during the Russian war, it was scarcely necessary to consider what would be the duty of England if Austria or France hereafter unseasonably demanded co-operation in defence of Turkey. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL rightly explained that an unrevoked treaty had not been formally revoked, though, according to his delicate distinction, the covenants had fallen more or less into the shade. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER added that Lord GEORGE HAMILTON had been practically in the right, though he might be technically mistaken; and Lord BEACONSFIELD announced that, in the almost impossible contingency of a demand for the enforcement of the guaranteee, he would carefully consider past, present, and future circumstances. More than one speaker justly remarked that a guarantee of the Turkish dominions as they existed in 1856 could scarcely be enforced by or against Powers which had consented to the curtailment of the SULTAN's territory in 1878. Nevertheless the treaty may perhaps not be formally abrogated. In 1846 Lord PALMERSTON asserted that M. GUIZOT'S Spanish marriage was a violation of the Treaty of Utrecht, which had been made more than a hundred and thirty years before. It was doubtful whether any part of the treaty had been left untouched during the wars which had been waged and the treaties of peace which had been concluded with the House of BOURBON and with NAPOLEON; but Lord PALMERSTON'S assumption that the treaty was still in force was not directly disputed by the French Government.

Though Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE once more recurs to the Berlin Memorandum, public attention is directed, not to the history of the Turkish war, but to the military and political condition of affairs in Afghanistan. The scanty information which has been received from Cabul is, on the whole, not unsatisfactory. No further attempt has been made on the camp at Sherpur, which is probably now impregnable. The occupation of the capital through the winter which is now nearly at an end is thought to have raised the estimation in which English power is held by the Afghans. They are said to have deduced, with a rapidity not unknown to more civilized nations, from the solitary

precedent of the old Afghan war, the conclusion that an invading army must succumb to the severity of the climate. The immunity of the English force from attack and disaster is said to have encouraged demonstrations of friendship and confidence. The majority of the BARUCKZIE family now resides at Cabul, in friendly relations with Sir F. ROBERTS. The Indian Government would probably select one of the number as Ameer if there were sufficient grounds for believing that his title would be recognized. The only conspicuous absentees among the descendants of DOST MAHOMMED are AYOUB KHAN, who was lately supposed to meditate an expedition against Cabul, and ABDURRAHMAN, who, by his own ability and through his connexion with the Russian authorities in Turkestan, may possibly become a formidable pretender. Some years ago he obtained temporary advantages over his brother SHERE ALI, and he is believed to exercise considerable influence among the chiefs of Afghan Turkestan. The reports of his arrival in Balkh seem to be premature; but there is little doubt that he is engaged in warlike preparations. If ABDURRAHMAN establishes his authority among the Northern tribes, it may perhaps be expedient to negotiate with him for a recognition of his title to provinces which he may occupy. There seems to be little chance of maintaining the unity of the Afghan kingdom, and probably a scheme for its dismemberment is already in progress. In the meantime it will be necessary to renew military operations as soon as the weather allows of the commencement of the campaign. The subjugation of the Southern provinces is incomplete as long as a hostile army occupies Ghuznee. It is not known whether MOHAMMED JAN commands popular support, but he seems to be an active and capable leader; and he derives importance from the occupation of a considerable fortress. Sir DONALD STEWART will probably co-operate from Candahar with Sir F. ROBERTS, and probably Ghuznee will be taken in the early spring. It may be hoped that the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF will not previously supersede General ROBERTS, though it is not unnatural that he should become impatient of obscurity and inaction.

The only additional light which has been thrown on the mysterious negotiation with Persia is derived from the real or affected indignation of the Russian journals on the rumour of the proposed arrangements. Some of the same writers had, with the supposed approval of their Government, repeatedly and urgently recommended the transfer of Herat to Persia as the consideration for a friendly understanding with England. The Moscow and St. Petersburg papers now unanimously denounce the alliance of England with Persia, and the acquisition of Herat by a State which has preferred a rival patron. It is even asserted, perhaps without authority, that the Russian Minister at Teheran has threatened to break off relations with the Government. Until the English Ministers are at liberty to become more communicative, it is impossible to judge how far the Russian protests are formidable or even serious. In the absence of full explanations, it is impossible to appreciate the reasons which may have suggested the negotiation. A sudden departure from the traditional policy of the Indian Government with respect to Herat ought to imply a cogent motive. It is possible that the proposed measure may have some relation to the vast preparations for the campaign against the Turcomans. General SKOBLEFF, who has been appointed to the command of the expedition, is young, able, and ambitious; and, according to reports which are probably exaggerated, he recommends that the army should consist of a hundred thousand men. A much smaller force would be sufficient to retrieve the failure of last year; and a great army, necessarily marching by several parallel or converging routes, must have some important destination. The Turcomans on their side are making preparations for resistance; but all their able-bodied men would scarcely equal the Russian army in numbers, and they would be far inferior in arms, in discipline, and in general efficiency. The daring and active general whom they will encounter is probably better qualified for the special service than a profound and scientific strategist. Whatever may be the reasons of the English Government for their project of giving Herat to Persia, it might have been thought that Russia would regard the transfer with complacency. No treaty with England can make Persia permanently inaccessible to Russian influence. The possession of Herat by Persia would furnish an additional

reason for diplomatic pressure, which might in case of need be enforced by threats. Probably Persia may have required a guarantee which the English Government was not prepared to give in an unqualified form. If unforeseen difficulties render the scheme abortive, the negotiation may perhaps not have been altogether harmless.

THE IRISH DEBATES.

THE Irish members who, with the aid of Mr. RYLANDS, delayed the passing of the Irish Relief Bill, apparently entertained but little objection to its provisions. Few even of their own number desired either that outdoor relief should be given in the shape of money, or that small farmers should be paid for cultivating their own land. The doubt whether Presentment Sessions ought to be allowed to institute public works had been expressed by Lord EMERY and other peers in a short and pertinent conversation in the House of Lords. The proposal is not free from objection; but in questions of this kind Parliament is wisely disposed to allow a wide discretion to the Government. The miscarriage of a similar experiment in the great Irish famine furnishes a useful warning against a large and reckless expenditure, which has the incidental effect of diverting labour from agriculture. On the whole, the Government has probably been well advised in refusing to allow the Boards of Guardians to institute public works. The Irish poor are not reduced like the Lancashire operatives in the cotton famine to compulsory idleness. There is more doubt about the expediency of giving powers to the Presentment Sessions than as to rejecting an extension of the system. The debate on the clauses of the Relief Bill sufficiently proved the injustice and insincerity of the charge that the Government had been guilty of gross neglect. No alternative measures were seriously proposed; and the more violent speakers virtually admitted the weakness of their own case by their personal attacks on the principal members of the Irish Government. One of them objected to entrust the administration of relief to the LORD-LIEUTENANT because he had refused an invitation to dine with the Lord Mayor of DUBLIN. Other speakers professed to believe that the main object of the Bill was to secure to the landlords the rights of property which have lately been denounced by demagogues as the main cause of Irish distress. Even the followers of Mr. PARNELL cannot be really indifferent to the urgent need of their countrymen. When they object to the only practical methods of relief they may be supposed to rely on the majority which, as they know, will overrule frivolous objections. Their protests will remain on record as excuses for withholding any gratitude which might be considered due to the Government or to Parliament. The famine will be averted; but, as one of their English allies asserted in the debate on the Address, no thanks will be given to the Government.

There was a great preponderance of argument in favour of the application of a portion of the Irish Church Fund to the purposes of the Bill. The loans to landlords are to be repaid in a certain number of years by instalments; but the advance of money at the almost nominal interest of one per cent. of course involves a loss for which some provision must be made. The residue of the Church Fund, which has already furnished the means of one legislative experiment, is not unreasonably charged with the deficiency. Advances to Boards of Guardians at the ordinary rate of interest will be made from the Treasury, which will by the usual precautions secure itself against loss. The actual relations of the fund to the Commissioners of Public Works, and the intended conversion into Terminable Annuities, have no bearing on the principle of the Government measure. As Mr. CHILDESS said, the demand arising from present emergency corresponds much more nearly to the provisions of the Church Disestablishment Act than the application of another portion of the fund to purposes of education. It may be added that it is not inexpedient to diminish the anomaly of a large amount of property held by the State on trust for no definite object. Mr. SYNAN announced that he and his friends were determined to reserve the Irish Church Fund for the compensation of landlords who are hereafter to be expropriated; but Parliament, which has not yet resolved arbitrarily to transform occupiers into owners, is still less disposed to relieve them from the necessity of paying for the property if they acquire it. The most

plausible reason for relieving Irish distress at the cost of the Imperial Treasury is that the sacrifice must have been incurred if there had been no other fund within reach. Large advances made during the famine of 1847 eventually became a gift, though Irish patriots have ever since complained of the parsimonious cruelty of the English Government. If necessary, the precedent must have been followed, as it has been found that landowners cannot afford to borrow at the ordinary rate of interest. As there happens to be an Irish fund which may be legitimately applied to the prevention of famine, the necessity which would justify a demand on the taxpayers of the United Kingdom has not arisen.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was probably but little surprised at Mr. MELDON's determination to interpose a debate on the Irish Borough Franchise in the midst of the discussion on the Relief Bill. On this question the followers of Mr. SHAW and Mr. PARNELL command the support of nearly the whole body of the Opposition; and few Irish members are disposed actively to resist a measure which is in a certain sense plausible, though its practical effects might probably be noxious. The mischief which is to be set off against the advantage of abolishing an Irish grievance would be limited in extent. A dozen or a score of respectable members would be replaced by congenial allies of Mr. O'CONNOR POWER and Mr. O'DONNELL. In many boroughs the present representation can by no possible contrivance be deteriorated. Nearly every argument which Mr. C. LEWIS used against the proposed extension of the suffrage was sound; but there is no use in delivering an irritating speech, even though all the statements which it contains may be true. It was perhaps worth while to quote from Mr. SULLIVAN's paper the coarse doggerel in which Irish patriotism expresses its preference for the Zulus over English and Irish soldiers. The national Irish papers have long been a disgrace to journalism; and their malignity illustrates the spirit of the dominant section of the Home Rule party. It is inexpedient to dilate on the demerits of the rabble which under a system of household suffrage would control every Irish borough. No class of the community ought to be attacked in Parliament, even by those who doubt its fitness to exercise political power. It is also imprudent to rely on the absence of agitation among those who are at present disfranchised. When Mr. LOWE used a similar argument against the Reform Bill of 1866, Mr. BRIGHT appealed with conclusive effect to the London mob; and the consequent destruction of the Hyde Park railings was understood to prove that the unenfranchised multitude was in earnest. Nothing would be easier than for Irish demagogues to promote disturbances in support of the demand for household suffrage. At present they probably prefer the hardship of refusal to any political advantage which might result from concession.

Sir WILLIAM HAROURT and Mr. BRIGHT naturally welcomed the opportunity of expressing their sympathy for the Irish democratic party without pledging themselves to Home Rule. It is a commonplace of Liberalism that devotion to the unity of the kingdom is best shown by extending uniform and equal rights to all its parts. Sir W. HARCOUET even declared, with some rhetorical exaggeration, that, if he was not prepared to give Ireland the benefit of English institutions, he would be an advocate of separation. It is not necessary to construe too literally phrases which require much limitation. The disruption of the kingdom would not become less objectionable if there were conclusive reasons against the equalization of the franchise. It is, in fact, neither possible nor customary to legislate for Ireland without reference to local peculiarities. When there is a question of relieving distress, or of modifying the rights of property and the tenure of land, Irish agitators are not careful to abide strictly by English or Scotch precedents. Mr. LOWTHER, who, against the opinion of his own party, has consistently disapproved of special legislation for Ireland, replied with some point, to a charge of enmity to freedom, that he had always been the champion of freedom of contract. To arguments founded on the poverty and ignorance of the small ratepayers in Irish boroughs Mr. BRIGHT answered, with much force, that exactly the same grounds had been urged for the maintenance of a restricted franchise in Great Britain. It was not because they were likely to return good members, but because they were numerous and powerful, that the present constituencies were created. The Irish householders who are now ex-

cluded from the franchise probably bear to the present voters nearly the same relation which the new sections of English constituencies bore to the 10*l.* householders. A privileged class of 4*l.* ratepayers is but a questionable aristocracy.

The Government defeated Mr. MELDON by the normal majority of between fifty and sixty which has maintained itself into the seventh Session of Parliament with little loss. It would scarcely be possible to accept from a private member at the present time a proposal to alter the representative system. Nothing was said by the CHIEF SECRETARY or by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Ireland which would preclude the Ministers at some future time from extending the English franchise to Ireland. The present arrangement was made, as some of the speakers in the debate observed, when Parliament at the end of the Session of 1867 was weary of the whole subject of Reform. Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, by a compromise with the Opposition, and in the absence of remonstrance on the part of the Irish members, inserted the 4*l.* franchise in the Irish Reform Bill. Since that time many attempts have been made to alter the borough qualification; and the Government has, as on the present occasion, rejected the proposal as unnecessary or inopportune, rather than because it was not intrinsically reasonable. It is necessary that political arguments should recommend themselves to the popular understanding; and prudent statesmen will not unnecessarily call attention to the unsatisfactory condition of the poorest classes in Irish towns. Dwellers in mud-huts are perhaps not likely to possess high political intelligence, but they will resent the denial of their capacity and independence. There might be some advantage in increasing the number of voters, which is now in most of the Irish boroughs absurdly small. Some of the speakers of the majority contended that redistribution would be a necessary consequence of reduction of the franchise; but, if the process would be inexpedient, Parliament is not compelled to undertake the task. After a fortnight devoted exclusively to Irish debates, the House of Commons must feel anxious to proceed with its general business.

LORD EDMOND FITZMAURICE AT CALNE.

LORD EDMOND FITZMAURICE is not only a moderate Liberal, but a moderate Liberal in a remarkably comfortable position. He is the brother of the Marquess of LANSDOWNE, and sits for Calne. His title to go into Parliament is unquestioned. He has not to fear a Conservative opponent, or the counter claim of a Gladstonian Liberal. He has been addressing his constituents this week, and his address was rewarded with what is recorded as the usual vote of confidence. Happiest of moderate Liberals, he knows that those whom he addresses will feel all their habitual confidence in him whatever he may say. If he wishes to defend the Government, he can defend it without apprehension of any personal consequences. No one would dream of demanding that he should get a certificate from Lord HARTINGTON before he was accepted at Calne. If he makes out a case against the Government, he can make out his case after his own fashion, owning difficulties, censuring errors, but censuring errors gently; offering opinions, but offering them as merely expressions of what he thinks would have been the best course to have taken under circumstances where there were many objections to any course that could be proposed. He traversed the wide field of the foreign policy of the Government, and had the delight, so rarely given to the moderate Liberal, of being able to discuss point by point in a spirit of moderation. He could afford himself the pleasure of denouncing what he called the tub-thumping style of dealing with foreign policy as securely as if he had been a peer or a journalist. He can survey the Midlothian campaign from the calm heights of a person who possesses a perfectly safe seat. And he can permit himself to denounce tub-thumping on a ground which few Liberals venture to take, being silenced by the fear that they will be thought guilty of personal disrespect to admired leaders. He dislikes tub-thumping because it is not statesmanlike. It is based on ignorance, or at least on insufficient knowledge. If Mr. GLADSTONE, he pathetically exclaimed, did but know a little about Austria before he spoke about it! To be

recognized as an undoubted Liberal, to know that to be re-elected will scarcely cost him as much trouble as to order a new coat, and to be able to smile publicly and with an air of cheerful good humour at the ignorance of Mr. GLADSTONE, form a combination of advantages allotted to very few; and Lord EDMOND, if he is of a pious and grateful disposition, may nightly thank the Providence which has made him in this semi-Liberal land the happy English child of a family that invariably commands the usual confidence of Calne.

It is the general attitude of the speaker towards friends and foes that attracts us. He is aware that the Eastern question is a very old question, a very difficult and complicated question, a question which events rather than opinions must ultimately solve. This old and difficult question touches more or less nearly some of the permanent interests of England. To defend these interests, England must in the last resort be prepared to fight. There is not a single Minister who has held the seals of the Foreign Office since the question was first started by the partition of Poland who has not been willing to go thus far. Within these limits the foreign policy of the present Government has been merely the policy of any possible Government. Directly this is realized, criticism becomes what it ought to be in such a case—criticism of the expediency of this or that step taken by the Government. Lord EDMOND was free and unsparing in criticism of this kind, and he was quite justified in being free. A member of Parliament who wishes to be worthy of his position must try to form an opinion, based on reflection and information, as to what, under given circumstances, is best to be done; and if his opinion is not that on which the Government has acted, he does a public service when he states clearly its differences from the Government's opinion, and explains what he thinks, and why vague denunciations of the Government are as valueless as vague praise of the Government. The only criticism that is instructive is that which begins by treating every part of the Eastern question as one of relative expediency, offers definite suggestions, defends them, and then compares what the Government has done, or is doing, with these suggestions. The essence of this criticism is that the critic should impartially state when in his opinion the Government has been right as well as when it has been wrong. Lord EDMOND's criticism is of this fair and temperate sort; and as no Conservatives criticize the Government, and few Liberals criticize it fairly, it is refreshing to listen to the fair criticism of a Liberal whom circumstances enable to say just what he thinks. With some parts of the criticism recorded at Calne we find it easy to agree, with part we find it impossible to agree. In some points the balance of expediency seems so even that, as the Government was obliged to do something, we may be content to accept what was done. It cannot be too steadily kept in mind that questions so obscure and complicated as the Eastern question can only be rightly judged by the possessors of adequate information; and that, while critics can only gain information from books, journals, and travellers, who usually travel to prove the theory with which they start, the Government has the very important addition to its information which diplomatic correspondence supplies. The presumption in cases where critics have not sufficient information to enable them to pronounce a decisive judgment, is that the Government of the day, however it may be composed, has acted as it has acted because it knows more than the critics know. Criticism that does not recognize this is not fair criticism, and, although Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE never openly offended against a canon which we may be sure he would accept, it is difficult not to suspect that in some instances he would have modified his opinion if he had been behind the scenes, and had known all the Foreign Office could have told him.

To criticize fairly Lord EDMOND's fair criticism would necessitate a very long and minute discussion of many complicated questions. But it is interesting to observe the general results to which fair criticism has led a very promising politician, who has given himself the trouble to think, not only of what was done, but of what ought to have been done. Lord EDMOND, in his pursuit of fairness and clearness, separates himself quite as much from the general body of Liberal critics as from that of Conservative critics. He is for an intimate alliance with Germany, and wishes to see Austria extend herself to Salonica. He dislikes what he calls the living despotism of Russia even more than the moribund despotism

of Turkey. He objects to the acquisition of Cyprus, but he objects to it on a ground which the most fiery Conservatives might think deserving of consideration. A study of expediency has convinced him that at the end of the war we ought to have seized on some strong place in the dominions of Turkey; but he thinks we seized on the wrong place. We got something, but we did not get enough. He would himself have preferred Acre. It is unnecessary to ask how he has persuaded himself that we could have got Acre without a standing quarrel with France; for it is the general nature of his opinions, not their value, that we are noticing. A Liberal has got very far away from his tub-thumping leaders when he strives to show that the Government ought to have done something much bolder than what it did, and should have somehow got hold of the key of Syria and Egypt. As to Egypt itself, he seems to think we should exercise a predominating influence. Where he thinks that Lord SALISBURY was wrong was in not forcing the English Minister back on the KHEDIVE. This, he holds, would have been better than to have reverted to the system of control. This may be a doubtful case of expediency; but at any rate a person who holds this view can have no doubt as to the general expediency of interference. It would be difficult to interfere more directly in the affairs of Egypt, if Egypt is to be nominally independent, than to insist that its ruler must always have in his Cabinet an Englishman with a power of veto. As to the Afghan war, Lord EDMOND has no notion of denouncing it as a base, bloody, aggressive, unprovoked war. He merely thinks that events have shown that it would, on the whole, have paid better to adopt a temporizing policy. There is much to be said for such a view, and much to be said against it; but this is one of the instances in which we cannot be sure that the critic would hold to his opinion if he knew all that the Government knows. Even when Lord EDMOND most decisively differs from the Ministry, his views are not of the kind which candid supporters of the Ministry would give themselves much trouble to oppose. He thinks that Lord DERBY let things drift too much, and now that Lord DERBY is no longer one of their leaders, many Conservatives would gladly own that it would have been advantageous to England and Europe if, when the Berlin Memorandum was rejected, we had had a Foreign Minister who had formed and expressed some sort of definite opinion. Lord EDMOND further complained that, after the Treaty of Berlin, the Ministry, or at least some of the Ministers, gave expression to too sanguine expectations of reform in Turkey. There need be no hesitation in agreeing with this criticism, for the Ministers themselves have frankly owned their disappointment, and have changed not only their language but their action. The general result is that when a perfectly independent Liberal who hates tub-thumping sets himself to the labour of fair criticism, he finds that the general foreign policy of the Government is that which any Government must have adopted, that the Government has been often quite right, but has made some blunders, has decided some delicate and doubtful points with doubtful prudence, and in some instances has not strayed from the tub-thumping view as far as it ought to have strayed.

FRANCE.

THE enthusiasm with which M. DE FREYCINET's noble stand against the amnesty agitation was originally greeted has entirely died away. In order that a stand should be noble it must first be a stand, and it is this preliminary feature that is wanting to M. DE FREYCINET's attitude. To tell a naughty child that he shall have his pudding as soon as he has stopped crying is usually tantamount to giving him it at once. The shortest possible flash of silence is accepted as sufficient, and the pudding is eaten before it has had time to get cold. M. DE FREYCINET's announcement that if the advanced Left want a plenary amnesty they must prove themselves worthy of it is quite in this vein. The prescribed acts of virtue do not demand any serious sacrifices. All that the Government asks for is their votes, and there is no reason to suppose that the Cabinet contemplate the introduction of any measures which the Left may not support with a clear conscience. The interval during which the votes must be given and the amnesty withheld is sure not to be

a long one. When the Government has grown accustomed to seeing the advanced Left on its side, it will not like to face the gap which would be occasioned by their withdrawal. The votes which have been gained by a promise will have to be retained by its fulfilment. There are already indications that the excellent case which the partisans of an amnesty have in the circumstances under which the Commune was suppressed will not be neglected. A concession which only stands over until certain railways and canals have been constructed may reasonably be made a little sooner to stave off an inconvenient agitation. The only real plea for withholding an amnesty has been abandoned by M. DE FREYCINET. If the conduct of the Communists is not bad enough to forbid their return to France three years hence, it is not bad enough to forbid their return to France now. The country will be no better protected against their designs because so many more miles of railway have been opened.

The Government have just effected a reform in military administration which will greatly gratify their Radical supporters. In M. WADDINGTON's time it was considered that the army could not get on without three Inspectors-General, and one of the fortunate Commanders for whom these posts were created was the Duke of AUMALE. Whether the army was in any way the better for these appointments there is nothing to show, but there was an obvious—or what might have been thought an obvious—advantage in having one of them held by the most conspicuous member of the Orleans family. Nothing gives to a Republic the appearance of stability so much as the readiness of members of the dethroned family to take service under it. It is a standing admission of the continuity of the *de facto* Government. The Duke of AUMALE wishes to do active duty as a French citizen, and the way of which he makes choice is to apply to the Republic for orders. Unfortunately this is not a kind of reasoning which recommends itself to a French Radical. Continuity with anything that has gone before is the last thing that he desires to maintain. If Royalists find that they can live contentedly under the Republic, that is a sufficient indication that all is not as it should be with the Government. A Royalist has no business to feel contented when his enemies are in power; if they are doing their duty by him, he ought to have very good reason for being discontented. The fact that one of the highest posts in the army is held by the Duke of AUMALE has been a continual grief to politicians of this way of thinking. Of course they have had their compensations—notably when the Duke's official letters were addressed to him as "General d'AUMALE." But the thrill of pleasure derived from omitting the title of a Royal prince soon passes away, while the annoyance that he should be there to be addressed continues. Now this is at an end. The Duke of AUMALE retires into the obscurity of a General unattached. The only advantage that the Radicals can derive from this change is the increased alienation of the Orleanist party—the one section of the Conservatives that is not avowedly and permanently hostile to Republican institutions. That M. DE FREYCINET is wise in his generation is highly probable. He wishes, above all things, to construct a Ministerial majority—a majority pledged not merely to the maintenance of the Republic, but to the support of the particular Republican Cabinet which is now in office. The virtual dismissal of the Duke of AUMALE will go far to conciliate the extreme Left. M. DE FREYCINET might have rendered many solid services to the State and not have secured the popularity which he will earn by this simple act. Any ill consequences that may flow from it will be some time in maturing, and long before they have come to perfection M. DE FREYCINET will be no longer in need of a majority. The incident is the merest straw in itself, and it may easily be that the Government have really ascertained that the Inspectors-General were not of sufficient use to the Minister of War to make them worth the money they cost. What is really to be noted is the reception which their suppression will meet with at the hands of the Radicals, and the evidence this gives that the Left are as far as ever from appreciating the value of conciliation as a political engine.

M. FERRY's Education Bill, which has so long been hanging between earth and heaven, is at last coming on for discussion in the Senate. The debate begins next Tuesday, and, with the exception of M. GAMBETTA, whatever there is of eloquence in France will be arrayed on the side either of the attack or the defence. The 7th Clause, as has often

been pointed out, has come to bear an importance to which as a matter of fact it is scarcely entitled. Its fate in the Senate divides with M. SARDOU's new play the attention of Paris society. The positive results which will follow its adoption may not be very considerable, for the Church will in the end find means of substituting teachers not belonging to the proscribed orders, who will do her work equally well. What justifies to some extent the singling out of this clause from many other similar attacks upon liberty of education is the directness with which it assails parental rights. At present every Frenchman can choose his children's teachers. He may have to subject his children to some disadvantages if he chooses those teachers at the bidding of the Church, but, though he may have to pay for his liberty, he is not deprived of it. If the 7th Clause becomes law, this liberty will exist no longer. A class of teachers who have of late years been growing in popularity among French parents will in future be banished from every school. However the application of the law may be suspended or evaded, there can be no question as to the nature of the temper which it is designed to please. The French Radicals hate the Church so cordially that in order to gratify their hatred they are willing to sacrifice the liberty of parents to bring up their children after their own pleasure. No doubt parents will still be free to send their children to schools taught by Catholics, and so far their control over their own children is left unimpaired. But all that this amounts to is that the 7th Clause is more tyrannical in intention than it is in execution. It arbitrarily denies to parents the class of teachers they like best, while allowing them for the present to employ the teacher they like next best. A compromise of this sort has the merit of neither extreme. The man who carries out a bad policy thoroughly and consistently may at least claim intellectual respect. The man who carries out a bad policy weakly and inefficiently fails to gain any respect whatever. It is hard to say whether the 7th Clause is most remarkable for the injury which it purports to inflict on liberty or for the incompleteness of the machinery by which it proposes to inflict it.

THE SOUTHWARK ELECTION.

THE result of the Southwark election, though the return of Mr. CLARKE was not unexpected, is a severe disappointment to the Liberal party. There is reason to believe that the reaction which it discloses is directed rather against the extreme section of the party than against the moderate Liberals. The Irish electors of Southwark, though they seem to have had no separate organization, probably supported Mr. DUNN, or perhaps in some instances Mr. SHIPTON. The Liberal candidate was not even asked to give the pledge which was taken by LORD RANSEY at Liverpool with results disastrous to his party. The imprudent concession, and the partial sanction which has since been given by the leaders of the party to the policy of tampering with Home Rule, may probably have affected the fortunes of the candidates in Southwark. Among secondary issues, the most important was that of compulsory abstinence as it is promoted by Sir WILFRID LAWSON. The publicans were unanimous on the side of Mr. CLARKE, while the members of temperance societies preferred Mr. DUNN. Mr. SHIPTON, whose pretensions cannot be regarded as serious, was equally unacceptable to both parties in the liquor controversy. It was asserted, perhaps with some exaggeration, that the Radical Club which was represented by Mr. SHIPTON was founded on the great principle, once maintained in a slightly different form by JACK CADE, of beer at a penny a glass. The measure would evidently neither be conducive to temperance nor remunerative to dealers in beer. It is not necessary to discuss the merits of the Permissive Bill, or of its equivalent which has lately been known as local option; but it is certain that, in adhering to Sir WILFRID LAWSON's proposal, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. FORSTER have not consulted the interests of their party. Though the publicans are in every borough a numerous body, Liberal candidates might perhaps afford to dispense with their votes, especially as they are outnumbered by the members of the different temperance organizations. Election managers too often forget that sellers of a commodity have necessarily customers, who are as much averse to the restriction of their liberty as dealers to the suppression of their trade. Sober and respectable consumers

of beer are probably more numerous than the drunks and the ascetics for whose benefit or fancy they are expected to undergo a not inconsiderable hardship. It is to be regretted that beer-sellers and beer-drinkers should be driven to ally themselves with a political party; but the fault rests with the agitators, and the loss will fall on their voluntary allies. For two or three years after the last election Liberal members took every opportunity of repudiating hostility to beer. Those who direct their councils have lately seemed to forget a lesson which produced a strong impression at the time.

As far as the contest was strictly political it turned wholly on foreign and Indian affairs. Mr. CLARKE lost no opportunity of reminding the constituency that he supported the policy of the Government in Eastern Europe and in Asia. Neither he nor the supporters of Mr. DUNN laid any considerable stress on domestic legislation. Those who have studied current history, with the result of forming judgments of their own, will not attach undue weight to the opinion of a popular constituency; but votes, if they must be weighed for the purpose of estimating their soundness, can only be counted as principal elements of political power. There have been within the last fortnight three contested elections. In the small borough of Barnstaple, which is remote from the changing influences of political opinion, the Opposition maintained and increased their majority. In Liverpool the Government gained a conspicuous victory; but their triumph in Southwark, where there has never before been a Conservative majority of the whole number that voted, is much more remarkable. It is said that since the Reform Bill no Metropolitan borough has returned a Conservative in a contest for a single seat. The successful candidates of the party for London boroughs in 1874 almost everywhere profited by a division among the Liberals. In Southwark Mr. CLARKE has defeated the collective forces of his opponents. It may reasonably be expected that some of the other Metropolitan boroughs will follow the example which has been set. It is at least a great advantage that Liberal candidates will disavow all sympathy with the Home Rule agitation. Some of the most eminent amongst them have not waited for the warning which has been given at Liverpool. Mr. FAWCETT long since told the electors of Hackney that he would not in any circumstances countenance an inquiry into a project for the separation of Ireland from the United Kingdom. Before the Liverpool election Sir ARTHUR HOSHOUSE and Mr. JOHN MORLEY made similar statements to the constituency of Westminster.

Perhaps the most satisfactory result of the election is the additional discredit which is thrown on the electoral machinery imported from Birmingham. Mr. GLADSTONE went out of his way to recommend to the Liberals of Southwark the American system by which he hopes to establish the uncontrolled supremacy of numerical majorities. In deference to his advice, an Executive Council of Two Hundred was elected by those who chose to take part in the process; and the delegates afterwards selected Mr. DUNN and Mr. THOROLD ROGERS, after the withdrawal of overtures from candidates who declined to submit to a kind of competitive examination. Mr. DUNN, who has the pardonable and not unpopular defect of taciturnity, may perhaps have been a strong candidate. Mr. THOROLD ROGERS, who has achieved but limited notoriety by the habitual use of strong language, illustrated his own qualifications for political life by a speech in which he denounced the Government of Austria as a fouler despotism than that of Turkey. He had forgotten that his political leaders, probably with his own concurrence, are pledged to the proposition that the Turks as compared with the worst of Europeans are unspeakable barbarians. At the general election he will have the opportunity of learning whether the constituency is as easily attracted by noise and violence as the Liberal Two Hundred. It is highly probable that some of the votes against Mr. DUNN were directed against the delegates. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. GLADSTONE forgot that the members of their governing bodies are known to all their fellow-townsmen, and that some of them may be better known than liked. All reasonable persons acquiesce in the exercise of lawful authority, even when they distrust those in whose hands it is placed. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Corporation rules Birmingham with undisputed sway; but his Two Hundreds and Three Hundreds claim an extra-legal power which

provokes resistance where it fails to command sympathy. A fussy Liberal Association at Finsbury, which proposes to displace Mr. TORRENS in favour of Lord RAMSAY, will do well to profit by the example of Southwark.

The most obvious of all the political morals to be deduced from the late election is that the more vehement Liberal orators have committed a mistake in tactics. Perhaps it may have been for their interest to heap invective and insult on the Government; but they have shot their bolt too soon. Throughout the autumn and winter itinerant agitators have appealed to the multitude against the decision of Parliament in language studiously adapted to the supposed taste of the audience. The professed object of Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers has not been to establish or confirm theoretical opinions, but to drive from office the most wicked and most incapable Government which, according to their doctrine, has ever mismanaged public affairs. They have often announced with prophetic exultation that the change which they endeavoured to produce was already complete. Mr. GLADSTONE's furious and frivolous complaints of the prolongation of Parliament into a seventh Session were evidently inspired by the belief that an immediate dissolution would ensure the defeat of the Ministers. Loud and unqualified vituperation serves the same purpose in political controversy as a general charge in the crisis of a battle. If either attack fails, it is difficult to repeat the experiment. It now appears that the artisans and small tradesmen of Southwark, who probably represent the feelings of hundreds of thousands of their equals, care nothing for Mr. GLADSTONE's denunciations or for the alleged crimes of the Ministers. They probably believe in an indefinite manner that the Government has done its best to maintain the honour and influence of England, and they suspect the Opposition of subservience to an anti-national faction. It is of course possible that the result of the Southwark contest may be due to local or accidental causes; but as long as it is doubtful whether it may not indicate the tendency of public opinion, it will probably have the effect of checking the torrent of hostile declamation. Of late the enemies of the Government have generally included in their censure a House of Commons which, as they contend, no longer represents the people. If the Southwark precedent is followed, they will be driven to assert that the constituencies are as corrupt as the Cabinet and as Parliament. It will be more prudent to abandon polemical practices which have thus far not succeeded. It is useless to caution the extreme section of the party against an ostentatious alliance with the obstructive faction.

THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.

THERE are few greater fallacies than the notion so frequently met with that the difference between the Christian and the Secularist view of life is one that does not extend to morality. It is fair to say that this mistake has always been confined to England. On the Continent the Liberal party—using that term in its current Continental sense, as equivalent to the anti-Catholic party—are perfectly aware of the lengths to which the difference between them and their opponents extends. There are no subjects more hotly discussed in France or Belgium than marriage and divorce, none on which the opinions of those who take part in the controversy are more completely opposed, and none which are more intimately associated with morality in its most concrete and popular sense. In France a Divorce Bill is now before the Chambers; and if, as is far from improbable, it should become law, a new and fertile element of confusion will be introduced into French society. Hitherto the law of the State and the Church on the subject has been the same, and though there are many recognized marriages which the Church does not accept as ecclesiastically valid, there are none which she does not accept as valid in so far as the matrimonial contract is concerned. If the re-marriage of divorced persons is permitted by French law, there will be a certain number, perhaps a large number, of unions which the civil law will regard as in all respects valid marriages, while the Church will regard them as not even civil marriages. This is the state of things, of course, even in England with Roman Catholics. But in England Roman Catholics are only a small minority of the population, and their divergence from their countrymen on the question of divorce excites no attention. It will be very different in countries where the

majority of the population are still nominally Catholics. A Catholic is not troubled by the spectacle of a couple living together as man and wife after the performance of only the civil rite. If they are not themselves Catholics, it is the nearest approach to the sacrament of matrimony which they are capable of making. But, in the judgment of the Church, the contract of marriage equally with the sacrament of matrimony is indissoluble; and if a prefect, for example, has put away his wife and married another, he will be living in what his bishop will regard as simple concubinage. The relations between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities under these circumstances may be more edifying to devout Catholics than agreeable to those who wish to make the best of both worlds.

It is not probable that the Encyclical which LEO XIII. has just devoted to this vexed question will tend to make matters smoother. Nothing, for example, will more recommend a measure to the majority in the French Chambers than the knowledge that the POPE has denounced it beforehand. It is exceedingly natural that, as more and more Frenchmen break away from Catholic beliefs, they should demand the same liberty in the matter of divorce which is enjoyed in Protestant countries. Even the POPE can scarcely expect men who do not hold marriage to have any religious sanction whatever to assign to it that absolute indissolubility which has in practice never been attributed to it except by those who have raised it to the dignity of a sacrament. The Encyclical aims, indeed, at proving that, even if the question be decided on merely social considerations, divorce ought to be forbidden. The POPE has no difficulty, of course, in showing that divorce is attended by many evils. Englishmen will remember how strenuously this aspect of the question was urged in Parliament when the present Divorce Act was under consideration. But whenever the question is argued on purely social grounds, the theoretical advantages of maintaining marriage to be indissoluble fade before the practical convenience of allowing it in certain cases to be dissolved. In the case of other civil contracts the law favours their abolition when the ends for which they were entered into are no longer attainable, and a man whose wife has proved unfaithful, or a woman whose husband has deserted her, will naturally be hard to convince that the tie which no longer exists to any good purpose should be maintained simply as a disability to the innocent party. They will rather plead that the advantages which the Encyclical treats as inseparable from the doctrine that marriage is indissoluble are equally secured when marriage is held to be indissoluble except for certain grave causes. Undoubtedly the POPE is able to interpose at this point with examples of countries in which divorce, instead of being only granted for grave cause, is practically granted for any or no cause. But no one was ever yet prevented from taking that to which he thinks himself entitled by the warning that, if he did, some one else might take that to which he is not entitled. Divorce cannot permanently be forbidden in a community a large part of whose members are of opinion that it is unreasonable to forbid it. When the POPE traces all the evils of modern times to this pernicious source, he lays himself open to two answers. It may be replied that it is the abuse, not the proper use, of divorce that ministers to these evils, and that they exist in countries where divorce is not permitted. No doubt when divorce comes to be allowed for incompatibility of temper, the POPE's description of the consequences is quite accurate. "Conjugal bonds lose all stability, mutual affection is impaired," and the wife "runs the risk of being abandoned after serving man's passion." But the POPE himself does not say that these evil consequences follow from restricted divorce; his contention is that divorce is certain not to remain restricted. Once allowed, he says, "there will remain in future no barriers strong enough to keep it within the fixed limits originally assigned to it. . . . The unbridled desire for divorce, daily becoming more general, must invade a greater number of minds, like a contagious malady or a river bursting its embankments." The persons to whom this prediction is addressed will certainly reply that, if the sensible part of the community remain persuaded that morality is desirable, and that unlimited divorce is destructive of morality, they will find some means of limiting it; while, supposing them to be unconvinced as to the value of morality, they will not keep

alive an inconvenient restriction in order to secure a doubtful advantage. If their observations have extended to England, they will further say that there divorce has been both allowed and limited for some considerable time, and that at present there are no signs of the liberty being either withdrawn or extended.

The real strength of the Papal case lies in the undoubtedly inconvenience in Catholic countries of a conflict between civil and ecclesiastical morality upon so conspicuous a theatre as the marriage relation. From this point of view most reasonable people will agree that the argument against allowing divorce in such countries is very strong. But the strength of it will not come home to the combatant whom it is most important to convince. The Continental Liberal sees no inconvenience in a conflict with the Church. On the contrary, he burns to engage in it. His object is to intensify the opposition between civil and ecclesiastical ideas of morality, not to throw a veil over it. The pleasure of getting rid of one wife and marrying another would be rendered far more acute by the consciousness that the woman to whom he was civilly married could never obtain an ecclesiastical marriage even if she could succeed in persuading him to submit to it. Remarriage after divorce makes a greater breach with the Church than anything else—except perhaps marrying a nun—and divorce, as giving the means of effecting this breach, is desired with proportionate ardour. That under these circumstances it can long be withheld seems an impossibility. The Church must either regain her hold over countries like France or Italy, or she must consent to go her own way, and to recognize the fact that European society has to be won back to the fold, not retained in it.

ONE-SIDED FREE-TRADE.

THE Protectionists in the House of Commons make up in confidence for what they lack in persuasiveness. Though they cannot convince others, they are thoroughly convinced themselves. Mr. WHEELHOUSE's speech against one-sided Free-trade might have been delivered by a Hebrew prophet on the eve of the Captivity. Everything to his mind is going wrong, and in a very short time those who now scoff at him will be expiating in misery and ruin their disregard of his well-meant warnings. No doubt there is an element of truth in these lamentations. The trade of the country does suffer from the array of hostile tariffs which meets it on all sides. It would be a great gain to the English manufacturer and the English workman if the goods they make found as ready an entry into foreign markets as into their own. So long as Mr. WHEELHOUSE and the five gentlemen whom he led into the lobby confine themselves to mourning over the hold that Protection has in Europe and America, they have no difficulty in making out their case. It is when they insist that Englishmen would be better off if we retaliated upon the protectionist foreigner, and made the import of his goods into England as difficult as he takes care to make the export of English goods abroad, that their reasoning becomes so obscure. The fact that an enormous amount of foreign goods comes to England is the best possible proof that an enormous amount of foreign goods is wanted in England. They are there, as Mr. BOURKE put it, because people are willing to buy them, and have made money enough to pay for them. If a compensating tariff were imposed, the English consumer would be charged so much more for what he wants. Mr. WHEELHOUSE answers that he would have so much more with which to pay what he is charged. A great part of our imports consists of manufactured articles. If there were no hostile tariffs, the English workman would be able to find a market for his goods abroad, and so would be repaid for the injury done him by competition in his own market. If there were equivalent tariffs at home, these foreign goods would be kept out of the English market, and so Englishmen would be forced to buy goods made in their own country. Unfortunately for Mr. WHEELHOUSE's argument, the exports have obstinately gone on departing from the way in which they should go. It is not enough for his purpose that the proportion of exports to imports should have grown smaller; the exports themselves should have grown smaller. Instead of this, they have grown enormously larger under the very system which Mr. WHEELHOUSE declares must speedily prove fatal to English trade. For the last effort of a dying man, 192,000,000l.—the value of the exports of the United King-

dom in 1877—is not so bad. Before Sir ROBERT PEEL took the tariff in hand, the value of our exports was 53,000,000*l.*—the difference between that and the later sum showing the pace at which the ruin, foretold by Mr. WHEELHOUSE, is approaching. It is true that in one instance quoted by Mr. WHEELHOUSE the exports have declined. We sent fewer goods to the United States in 1878 than we sent in 1854. But this only shows what no one denies—the injurious effect of hostile tariffs on English trade. It does not prove that English trade would have been any better if a retaliatory tariff had been imposed on American goods.

Mr. WHEELHOUSE did not say upon what goods he wishes to impose his retaliatory tariff. It must be presumed, however, that he would leave raw materials to come in, as now, duty free. English cotton-spinners would certainly not be enabled to compete on better terms with the manufacturers of the United States if they had to give more for the cotton they spin. Nor would English workmen be any better off by reason of the improved wages secured them by a protective tax on American manufactures, if they had to pay proportionately more for their food by reason of a duty on American corn. Nor, in the interest of English trade, could it be any gain to tax even manufactured goods which are not usually made in the United Kingdom. There remain the manufactured goods which are made both in England and abroad, and on these Mr. WHEELHOUSE would, it must be supposed, place a duty nicely calculated to give the English producer the command of his own market. This is the outside advantage derivable from a protective tax, since the command of other markets would only be lessened by such an expedient. If we taxed French silks to benefit Spitalfields, or American cottons to benefit Lancashire, the result would probably be seen in an angry increase of duties on other articles by France and the United States. Whatever dawning inclination towards Free-trade may exist in either country would at once be suppressed, and Protectionists would be able to point to England as to a conclusive instance of a country in which Free-trade had been tried and found wanting. Before Mr. WHEELHOUSE can expect Parliament to adopt his views, he must be able to compare with some precision the probable gain from the closing of the English market against foreign goods, and the probable loss from the closing of the foreign market against English goods. It is hard to say what other countries might do if they were provoked into making their duties retaliatory as well as protective.

Philanthropic economists like Mr. WHEELHOUSE are apt to forget the existence of consumers. For them the world is made up of Englishmen who are prevented from getting rid of their goods by the competition of foreign manufacturers. That there are millions of people who make nothing and want to buy everything does not come home to them as a matter of any importance. M. THIERS advocated protective duties because he wished to see the tall chimneys smoke. He never thought at whose cost they would be made to smoke. A duty on foreign manufactures, imposed for the sole reason that without it these manufacturers can be sold in the English market at a less price than similar goods made in England, is really a subsidy paid by the public to the particular trades benefited. If Mr. WHEELHOUSE is of opinion that the existence and prosperity of these trades are of sufficient importance to justify their maintenance at the national expense, it would be better to propose a direct grant for the purpose. The country would then know exactly what it was paying, and there would not be the same risk of irritating foreign countries into increasing their tariffs. Before, however, he gives notice of such a resolution, it will be well for him to consider how he will deal with an obvious objection to which all expedients in the nature of protection to native industry are open. If foreigners can undersell Englishmen in the English market, it must be for one of three reasons. Either the industry is one which is not suited to this country, or not so well suited as others; or there is not as much energy or honesty put into it as there is in other countries; or the foreign producer is content with smaller profits or lower wages than the English producer. In the first case the community is asked to subsidize an industry which in all probability had better be abandoned. It would be possible, no doubt, to grow sugar under glass; and if a sufficient duty were laid upon foreign sugars, it might be so grown at a profit. This is an exaggerated example of the operation of protection to native industry;

but, in so far as native industry needs protection, it is a perfectly correct example. In the second case, the community would be doing for particular sets of manufacturers what these manufacturers, if they were commonly honest, would be able to do for themselves. It would be interesting, for instance, to know how much American calico is bought in England because it is cheaper than English, and how much because it wears better. In the third case, Protection is neither more nor less than a grant in aid of wages. Mr. WHEELHOUSE must admit that the ideas associated with his proposal are not, at the first blush, of an inviting kind.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

THE correspondence columns of the *Church Times* of last week contained the history of a crime, the criminal being, it was alleged, the *Saturday Review*. The Rev. CHARLES CROSTHWAITE, Canon and Vicar-General of Kildare, wrote to say that he had seen in "a January number of the *Saturday Review* a notice of 'Bishop WILBERFORCE's 'Life,' with a statement to the effect that Mr. GLADSTONE's treatment of the Irish 'Church would be affected by the question' of the descent from St. PATRICK. Thereupon, Canon CROSTHWAITE sent a pamphlet of his own on that subject to Mr. GLADSTONE "with the extract from the *Saturday Review* pinned to it." He had not himself seen the "Life," and "depended on 'the authority of the *Saturday Review*.' In due time he received the expected postcard from Mr. GLADSTONE. After some remarks about the pamphlet and its subject, the writer stated that he had been led by the paragraph sent to refer to the "Life." "There is," said Mr. GLADSTONE, "not a word to sustain the assertion made 'about disendowment. If it be a sheer falsehood,' he is 'sorry to say that it is only one of many published in 'the same journal from time to time.'" Thus it appears that, according to Mr. CROSTHWAITE, in our notice of the Life of Bishop WILBERFORCE we made a reference to Mr. GLADSTONE's correspondence about the Irish succession. Not only this, but the reference, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, was a false and misleading one. Not only this, but this "sheer falsehood" (we do not pretend to understand Mr. GLADSTONE's "if") is only "one of many published in 'the same journal.'" We may as well at once complete the historical part of the matter, though the completion may be a little startling. No such statement ever appeared in our notice of Bishop WILBERFORCE's Life, or, so far as we know, in the *Saturday Review* at all. No allusion even in the two notices which we gave of that work was made to the subject. For Canon CROSTHWAITE's statement, as for Mr. GLADSTONE's reply, there is, as regards the *Saturday Review*, no foundation, or suggestion of foundation. We are not experts in the curious dialect of political controversy which Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT have recently revived. But, as a matter of guesswork, we should imagine that the charge itself might very well be described as a "sheer falsehood."

Here, as far as we are directly or, so to say, personally concerned, the matter might cease. As the *Saturday Review* never made the statement in question, it cannot be considered responsible for its truth or falsehood. The facts of the case might also be held by most impartial judges to throw considerable doubt upon the wholesale charge of mendacity which Mr. GLADSTONE has been good enough to formulate. But this can hardly be considered as finishing the affair. When—to use THACKERAY's example—a man has been told that at a given time he murdered a little boy and converted him into sausage meat, or when, as has happened before now, he is informed that he, being to the deponent's knowledge married already, has been seen to commit bigamous matrimony in the face of day at St. George's, Hanover Square, the victim not unnaturally fails to be contented with a mere contradiction, or even a complete disproof. He wants to know how the thing came about. By some searching we have discovered a probable, or at least possible, source of the mare's nest. In a notice of Bishop WILBERFORCE's "Life" which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of December 29 the following sentences occur:—"In 1845 Mr. GLADSTONE is anxious to know whether the Irish Church or the Romish Church in Ireland has the Catholic succession from St. PATRICK, intimating that his own view

"of disendowment would entirely depend on the answer to that question. With the public at large it would probably go for nothing, but if he himself were as sure that the Irish Church was the Catholic Church of Ireland as that the English Church was the Catholic Church of England, no charge of temporary inefficiency would weigh with him." We cannot, of course, be certain that this is the passage which Mr. CROSTHWAITE saw, and even if it be, we are not concerned to take up the cudgels for our contemporary, which is quite able to defend itself. But it is exceedingly well worth while to notice the attitude which Mr. GLADSTONE assumes towards this charge. He says, as we have seen, that there is "not a word to sustain the assertion made about disendowment." We have referred, as Mr. GLADSTONE says he has done, to the letters given in the "Life," and there can be no doubt that such an inference as that we have quoted may fairly be drawn from Mr. GLADSTONE's own words. He tells the Bishop, or Dean, as he then was, that "I wish I could accept your comfort" about the status and descent of the Irish Church; that the "quivering of historical positions on which important convictions have, in a material degree, rested themselves is a process inciting disagreeable sensations"; that he agrees that "the political question of the continuance of the present settlement of Church property in Ireland will not be decided by a reference to his queries"; that he is dissatisfied as to the efficiency of the Church; and that he cannot "have faith," as against this dissatisfaction, "in the ordinance of God," unless he can "see the seal and signature, and these how can I separate from ecclesiastical descent?" According to the ordinary meaning of words it would seem from this that Mr. GLADSTONE did consider the question of disendowment—i.e. continuance or discontinuance of the present settlement of ecclesiastical property—to be materially dependent in his own case, though not in that of politicians in general, on the proof of descent, which, if sufficient, would serve to make up for shortcomings in efficiency.

This part of the matter is chiefly worth notice because it illustrates the blind precipitation with which Mr. GLADSTONE swallows and repeats any accusation against those who have the good or bad fortune to differ with him politically. A stranger forwards him something which he thinks may be made into a charge against a journal which he regards as a foe. He does worse than accept it without investigation. He takes apparently no trouble at all to ascertain whether the statement quoted was really made by the authority to which it is attributed—for we suppose Mr. CROSTHWAITE must have mentioned the name of the journal from which he fancied he took the extract—and he takes somewhat less than no trouble to ascertain the amount of foundation that it may have in fact. As to its validity, he contents himself with an offhand denial; as to its authorship, he contents himself with informing his correspondent that the author frequently tells lies, and this is doubtless one of them. So engaging indeed is the freedom with which these ugly words are flung about, that Mr. GLADSTONE does not even take the trouble to designate precisely the enemy whom he assails. For aught we know, he may not have shared Canon CROSTHWAITE's delusion as to the origin of the paragraph, though, taking the two letters as they are printed in context, the reader naturally infers the contrary. Certainly, if the identity of that paragraph be as we have conjectured, it would be singularly difficult for any man in the habit of reading newspapers to make a confusion even between the smallest scrap of the *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the type, paper, and size of which are wholly and strikingly different. But probably Mr. GLADSTONE did not occupy himself with these peddling details. The impulse of the natural man is in such a case to deny at once; and the impulse of Mr. GLADSTONE in his present mood of mind is to deny with circumstance, and with, if possible, an insulting remark about the accuser. Both Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT indeed at present remind the observer of nothing so much as of the worthy gentlemen who are sometimes to be seen at Social Science Congresses and such like gatherings, and whom, while speeches are being made on their particular crotchetts, the amused neighbour may notice shaking their heads, thumping their sticks, and ejaculating, more or less *sotto-voce*, "lies," "bosh," "humbug," "scoundrels," &c. A great deal of virtuous indignation has been recently expressed at the idea that the Opposition indulge in vitu-

peration, in inaccuracy of statement, or in any other pastimes unsuitable to the mildest-mannered men that ever wished to turn their adversaries out of Downing Street. We commend this little incident to those who are thus virtuously indignant. A statement which is at least apparently well founded, and which certainly any man might make in perfect good faith, is made (no matter by whom) about Mr. GLADSTONE. In the first place he denies it, in the next he charges the supposed criminal roundly with continual and systematic mendacity. For ourselves we have certainly nothing to complain of. The facts of this case go to show that, as far as Mr. GLADSTONE's accusations are concerned, the *Saturday Review* might be taken in at the Palace of Truth itself, without fearing the ugly blots of a censorship on the Russian model. "And for our foes may this their blessing be"—to make charges with the accuracy of Canon CROSTHWAITE, and receive them with the calm and judicial scrutiny of Mr. GLADSTONE.

A NEW VIEW OF ST. FRANCIS OF SALES.

FRANCIS OF SALES, like his earlier canonized namesake of Assisi, is one of those Saints whom the Roman Catholic and Protestant worlds have alike consented to honour as a typical representative of sweetness and light; his "sweetness" is indeed noted in the Collect for his festival in the Breviary. He has especially been held up by his panegyrists, and generally accepted, as a man who in one respect at least was before his age, who in the midst of the religious bitterness and intolerance of the Reformation era, while himself a fervent Catholic, refused to employ against Protestants any but spiritual weapons, and by the persuasiveness of his preaching and his character converted a whole province from heresy to the true Church. It will be therefore to many people rather surprising to see a pamphlet entitled *The Persecution of Protestants by St. Francois de Sales*, the more so when the writer begins by reminding them that he is himself a Catholic and a convert, and prefixes to his brochure a "Note for Catholic Readers," which is in many ways so significant that we reprint it here as it stands:

When first I came across the apparently treacherous and persecuting acts of the Saint, I was perplexed because he had been canonised. I have since learned from able and learned Catholics that a canonized Saint may be in Hell, or may not have any existence. Also that a Pope only acts on evidence produced, and so may be uninformed or misinformed. And yet once again, canonizations are not infallible acts of Popes. This is lucky, and I accept these statements with gratitude; they wipe away a number of historical difficulties which I previously felt, such as the wisdom of invoking St. John Nepomuk, who never existed; or a Grand Inquisitor like St. Peter Arbus, whose friendship in this life I certainly should have avoided.

One comment only we will make on this note. It is not our business to decide how far canonizations are infallible acts of Popes; but Mr. Nevins must be aware that the Vatican Council assigns infallibility in questions not only of faith but of morals to their official utterances, and whatever mistakes of fact may conceivably be made as to the character or even the existence of a given Saint, it is difficult to understand how the Pope could, without prejudice to his infallibility in morals, be mistaken as to the type of sanctity or "heroic virtue" held up to the faithful for imitation. Now, in the case of Francis there was at the time no mistake about the facts, however studiously or ignorantly they may be glossed over by his modern biographers to suit the feeble taste of an age which condemns duplicity and violence even in a sacred cause. Mr. Nevins relies mainly for his facts on the biographies of two earlier writers, "both Catholics, and both ardent admirers of de Sales, the Abbé Marsollier and Loyau d'Amboise." The first of these works was dedicated to the reigning Pope, the second to the Archibishop of Paris. Both of them, together with other equally unimpeachable authorities, were quoted in an article by the Rev. L. W. Bacon published two years ago in *Macmillan's Magazine* under the title of "Two Sides to a Saint," and which appears to have first directed Mr. Nevins's attention to the subject. There is no doubt untrustworthy matter in the earlier as well as in the later Lives of St. Francis, but two points come out with unmistakable clearness, which were not then regarded as discreditable to him, but which his modern panegyrists have carefully suppressed—his systematic duplicity, and his unscrupulous recourse to persecution when other means of effecting his purpose failed.

The first point, which can only be noticed briefly here, was most disagreeably illustrated from his youth upwards. Francis, when a mere schoolboy at Paris, determined without the knowledge or consent of his parents, who had very different views for his future, to devote himself to the priesthood, and made a vow of celibacy at the church of St. Etienne-des-Grés, which he afterwards renewed—again without his parents' knowledge—as a young man at Padua. At length when his costly education, designed by his father to fit him for a secular career, was completed, he returned home at the age of twenty-six, and was "thunderstruck," say his biographers—though we hardly see why—to find that arrangements had already been made for his marriage with a charming young heiress in the neighbourhood, aged eighteen. Still Francis was so far from explaining to his father the real state of the case and declining to see the young lady—which was obviously his

only honourable course, if he intended to persevere in his resolve—that he not only allowed himself to be introduced to her as her acknowledged suitor, but paid her frequent visits. The natural result followed; Mademoiselle de Végy fell over head and ears in love with the handsome young count, who fully reciprocated her feelings. But now, when he was bound in honour and good feeling to carry out his engagement, Francis chose to bethink himself of his vow—from which, as his mother reminded him, he could easily have got dispensed, not being in orders—and managed privately to obtain from the Pope the vacant post of Provost of the Chapter of Geneva, through one of the Canons who was his cousin. Then, and not till then, when the details of the approaching wedding were already beginning to be arranged, and after he had secured for himself the highest ecclesiastical dignity in the diocese, he at last broke the news to his parents, and resolutely put aside his mother's indignant remonstrances against the gross and heartless treachery of which he had been guilty. It may be added that Francis continued through life to be not only—as has been said of a distinguished living ecclesiastic—an "apostle of the genteels," but a devoted admirer of the fair sex, one of whom he used to address in his private correspondence as "dearest girl of my heart," while writing letters of a different kind to be shown to her father and her confessor. Not that we at all mean to insinuate against him a charge of immorality, but we do mean that a man with his peculiar capabilities for charming and being charmed by young ladies was doubly culpable in trifling, as he did, with the affections of his affianced bride.

And now it is time to come to the grand achievement of the life of St. Francis, the conversion of the Chablais. Here all his biographies, though there is a notable difference between the earlier and later ones, become wildly mythical. We do not refer to the miracles which they all report, though it is due to him to say that he never speaks of them himself. That is a matter on which people are so sure to form their judgment largely in accordance with their preconceived ideas of what is probable and congruous that it is unprofitable to argue about it, and moreover it may be freely admitted that, if the popular story of his mission is to be accepted at all, it would be far more marvellous without the miracles than with them. The tale as ordinarily told, and summarised in the Breviary lessons for his festival, is briefly this; that being sent as a missionary to convert the heretic population of the Chablais, he devoted himself to the arduous task with indomitable perseverance amid the most terrible trials and hardships, and constant perils of death, till at length the eloquence of his preaching and the still more winning saintliness and gentleness of his character overcame the inveterate prejudices of a coarse and brutal population and the 72,000 heretics of the county returned to the true fold. This enumeration is absolutely asserted in the Breviary, and we observe that a recent convert writer against Anglican Orders, who might have been expected to know better, goes out of his way to reproduce this exploded fable, with the cautious reservation, "He is said," &c. The numbers might as well have been put at 700,000; nor is it only the numbers, but the whole character and scenery of the region, that is metamorphosed. The lovely southern shores of the Lake of Geneva, which may be said to blossom as the rose, are turned into a waste and howling wilderness where eternal winter reigns, and its quiet good-humoured peasant denizens into a set of fierce savages thirsting for the blood of the meek apostle, who came unarmed among them taking his life in his hand; even the short three miles' walk from the Castle of Allinges, where he was comfortably housed, to Thonon becomes a perilous and fatiguing journey, in which the pangs of hunger and thirst had to be constantly endured. The facts are these. The Duke of Savoy, having obtained the Chablais from Henry II., King of France, with an express stipulation in the treaty that the Protestant religion, which the inhabitants had professed for nearly sixty years, should not be interfered with, was anxious on political grounds to effect their return to Catholicism, religious disunion being generally at that period considered dangerous to the State. Francis and his cousin—the priest who had procured him the provostship—were chosen for this mission, having of course the whole civil power at their back; but it was thought prudent at first to try gentle means, and the people were again solemnly assured that their liberty of conscience should be respected. The missionaries were lodged at Allinges and began to preach in the great church at Thonon, but in spite of all advantages, physical and moral—and a little mild compulsion was adopted from the first—two years of devoted preaching, "sweetness," miracles and all, produced next to no result. The converts could be counted on the fingers. Then Francis thought it was time to act. He crossed the Alps in November and interviewed the Duke at Turin, in order to impress on him the obligation of reducing his heretical subjects to the faith, and the non-obligation of observing the terms of the treaty to which he had sworn. We have no room here for long extracts from his memorial, which occupies five pages of Mr. Nevins's instructive pamphlet, but a few salient points may be jotted down. The Duke must not adopt "the maxim, injurious to God and man," that children are the property of their parents; he must prevent heresy from opening schools; he must burn all heretical books, and allow no more to be published; he must banish Protestants from all public offices, and restore the ecclesiastical property now in the hands of Protestant pastors to its proper owners, the priests, and he must establish the Jesuits in the province; also converts should be liberally rewarded; and,

last but not least, "it is necessary to scatter terror through the whole population by wholesome edicts." By such means his Highness would "assure the triumph of the faith in the Chablais," and "extirpate the growing cancer of heresy from the land which Heaven had given him."

The Duke, in spite of the remonstrances of his Council, was nothing loth to listen to these mild suggestions, and thenceforth the mission of Francis, which Marsollier admits to have hitherto proved a failure, became a no less conspicuous success, the more so as he proceeded further to invoke the aid of the too famous, or infamous, "Martinengo regiment," which had gained a terrible name already for its ruthless butchery of men, women, and children, and white-haired Protestant pastors. Yet even with these strong-handed auxiliaries success was not complete, and in the autumn of 1598 Francis induced the Duke, who was evidently a tool in his hands, to visit Thonon in person. Orders meanwhile were given for the suppression of the Protestant worship throughout the Chablais. The closing scene shall be told in Mr. Nevins's words:—

The day after this order was given, the Duke ordered the Protestants to assemble at the Town Hall, and lined the streets and place with the accused Martinengo regiment. Silence being obtained, the Duke harangues them, and declares that although converts have been made, yet he cannot allow rebels to exist who will "se perdre eux-mêmes pour le temps et pour l'éternité," that he regarded "ces endurcis" as the enemies of God and particularly as his own opponents! He winds up by ordering those who wish to be of the religion of their Prince to go to the right, those who will remain obstinate to go to the left. They do so. Then the Duke addresses most amicably the sheep, but the goats he thus harangues: "You, then, wretches, dare in my presence to declare yourselves God's enemies and mine. Go, go out—I deprive you of your offices and dignities and banish you for ever from my states. I prefer to be without subjects than have such as you who always set me at defiance." He then signed to his guards, who turned them out.

Marsollier then relates that de Sales with "son extrême douceur" begged the Duke to let him make another attempt to convert them, and before the day was over François had convinced them all but a few who passed over to the other side the lake to Nyon!

The speech is given at length by the writer in *Macmillan*. It remains to add that, according to contemporary computation, the total population of the district from which Francis drew his 72,000 converts was under 4,000. A term of six months was allowed them to choose between conversion and exile, after which time all dissent from the established religion was rigorously suppressed. Thus "extreme sweetness" gained the day at last; but the Christian apostle triumphed by much the same means as are prescribed by the Prophet of Islam—"the Koran or the sword." It may be said that in this he simply conformed to the spirit of his age, when Roman Catholics and Protestants alike thought it a duty to repress by force all dissent from the dominant creed. Be it so; but the special praise claimed for Francis, at least by all his modern panegyrists, is that he was above the spirit of his age, and steadily refused to carry on a spiritual warfare by carnal weapons; and it is true that he often used language pointing in this direction. But that only reveals another unpleasant feature of his character. It shows that the duplicity which was so unamiable exemplified in his youthful career, when he won the affection of Mlle. de Végy with the deliberate intention of rejecting it, remained with him through life. Persecution is not made more tolerable by being sheltered under a flimsy pretext of imperturbable suavity, or because the apostle discoursed eloquently from the pulpit while the ruffians of the Martinengo regiment watched the church doors. His subsequent missionary labours in the Pays de Gex were conducted in the same manner as the previous campaign in the Chablais, except that he wasted less time in unprofitable preliminaries, and began with the use of force. We are far from denying that there was much that is really noble and saintly in his character, and are quite content to give him the full benefit of whatever excuse he may derive from the current opinion and practice of a persecuting age. But it is impossible for those who know anything of the actual circumstances to listen without a smile or a sigh to praise bestowed on his "freedom from bigotry in an age of persecution," and on the marvellous success of his unwearied apostolic toils, which was due almost exclusively to the wholesale employment of bribery, treachery, and dragonnades. And it is very difficult to evade the conviction, which Mr. Nevins shrinks from directly owning but scarcely affects to conceal, that the authority—every consistent Vaticanist must say the infallible authority—which canonized him thereby once more set its seal to the rightfulness of religious persecution.

INTERFERENCE.

THERE is no domestic or social habit—or vice, as some regard it—that incurs more odium, considering what the offender's intentions generally are, than what is variously called interference or meddling. Men differ naturally and blamelessly in the way in which their minds receive the business and the scenes which pass around them. It is natural to some tempers to view things external to themselves as mere pictures—moving panoramas, in which their concern is only as lookers-on; and it is equally natural to others to feel a certain connexion and relationship with everything with which their senses come in contact. The fact that they see and hear a thing involves a certain share in the action. The man asks himself, Have I anything to do here? and if things strike him as going wrong, or in what he thinks not the best way, again he inquires of himself, Can I set it right? Now

this impulse is what brings about the temptation to interfere and meddle. It belongs to the busy and sanguine as opposed to the placid, resigned, fatalist temperament, that thinks only; that can observe, and let alone; that either takes little notice of things outside its immediate duties or interests, or, noticing them, recognizes no work or duty as consequent on its observation. These tempers have each their merits and defects. The defects of the interfering temper are palpable enough. They are among the irritants of society. The most generous, merely gratuitous, interference gets little thanks. Nobody can interfere in a matter in which he has no personal interest, and therefore no obvious right to interpose—nobody can thrust himself forward in a matter of nicety where he has no direct business—without incurring more blame and ill-will than praise or thanks. If benevolence in the busy form does not bring its own reward it brings no other. There is always somebody to take offence who would rather run the chances incurred by his own unrestrained action than be benefited by a meddling go-between. Few persons are dispassionate enough to respect the impulse in another which sets him tampering with their liberty of action, advising or meddling irrespectively of their inclination, habits, and will. The rights of men are more dear to them than any benefit to be gained by disregarding or trampling upon them. Yet the interfering temper, when allowed its free exercise, thinks little of this. However much it desires the goodwill of others, there is a self-reliance fostered by indulgence which turns the attention entirely away from misgiving and self-questioning. It proves its popularity to its own satisfaction by a tacit syllogism. Men love their benefactors; I am a benefactor; therefore men love me. A thoroughly genial busybody will go on through life irritating all the human nature it comes across, practically unconscious of giving offence, and never taking a lesson from failure.

In treating this subject the pen insensibly slips through the various declensions from the original amiable impulse—from interference to meddling, from meddling to the busybody. Yet it is a truism to say that interference is often a duty. It depends on the intellect and the moral nature of the active temperament whether we call it action legitimate interference or impudent meddling. Both start from the same native bias; but this is dignified into high utility, or dwarfed into the troublesome and contemptible, by the purity or pettiness of intention, and the degree of judgment and self-restraint exercised. It is where interference becomes a blind habit that it descends in the scale. Society offers abundant warnings in this matter to those who are open to receive them. People must be of a tough, insensible nature indeed to persevere in this form of intrusion against the coldness and the snubs of their equals; but the fact that we are not all equals still leaves room for its unhealthy growth. It is this that constitutes one of the perils of benevolence, technically so called, to those who devote themselves to good works. Men cannot dedicate themselves to the business of benefiting their neighbours without some risk to themselves. Undue interference is one of these risks. Kind-hearted and benevolent women have often been charged with meddling and exceeding their rights, and have had gradually to retreat from the attitude of dictators in the matter of dress and household economics before the growing independence of the classes once called "lower," who reject the patronage of their goodwill at the price they set upon it of submission to their authority; the fact that the well-meaning ladies believe themselves to know better not constituting this legitimate authority. This, however, is an instance of the more excusable form of the failing, one often unduly charged, indeed, on persons engaged in an arduous, self-denying, and thankless work. The misleading consciousness of good intention is the bane of the busy temper in more important cases than the indiscretions of district visitors. Men who follow its lead are not commonly held in check by severe self-study; intent on benefiting their neighbours by enforcing their own opinions and practices upon them, they are apt to take their own motives for granted. There may be unconscious injustices and infusions of personal feeling that are never guessed by the mind absorbed in setting other people to rights, and alive only to the weight of its own counsels and the importance of things being carried out according to its notions of fitness. This is the state of mind that makes a man meddle in what does not concern him. It has grown upon him by indulgence, till he regards the living world around him as a theatre for the display of his own sense, discernment, conscience, and activity. In everything outside himself that admits of interference he sees a call to interfere. A sense of power, of a wider range of observation, of a deeper insight and finer tact, grows upon him, and with this a contempt for the capacity of others, till there is nothing that is right, nothing but admits of improvement and remodelling from his hand; till there is no sanctuary of private opinion or practice that must not be invaded; no pleasure or taste that must not be touched up, heightened, and have a character given to it, by some infusion of his personality.

Of course all interference implies the assumption of authority in some form or other. This of itself tells nothing against it. All depends upon the truth and fairness of the assumption. Relationship, friendship, a sense of justice, age, experience, knowledge—all constitute a right to interfere, given the fit occasion; all confer authority. Urgency gives a right to intermeddle apart from all these; only the urgency must be real, the occasion important enough, and the impulse stirred by the occasion, not by a bustling habit. The great question with men is this of authority. The first inquiry is not as to the value of the action or suggestion, but as to the right to enforce it. An acknowledged authority may inter-

fere in a very harsh manner, and yet excite less irritation than words that can only assert themselves pragmatically as the sentence of a superior judgment. And authority itself may dictate on supreme questions though it is rebelled against in trifles which seem the inalienable right of the individual. Horace Walpole observes upon this in reporting events at Madrid, where, after a series of assassinations, an edict had been issued commanding that hats should be cocked, cloaks shortened, and capes laid aside. An insurrection was the consequence of this interference with costume. "A nation that has borne the Inquisition cannot support a cocked hat!"

On this subject Barrow delivered himself with characteristic point. Meddling was a topic of his day. He enlarges on it, not only as it concerned public matters, but as it touched the liberty of the individual, on which he expresses himself with a sensitiveness which suggests an aggrieved personal experience. "Every man hath," he says, "a particular gust for diet, for garb, for diversions and disports arising from particular complexion and other unaccountable causes; and fit it is that he should satisfy it; it is enough that what he doth seemeth good and relisheth to himself." There was probably less interference then with the ways and manners of private life than society exercises now, either as a whole or through its more busy members. It was a more impertinent proceeding to come between a man and his humour. Certainly, humourists are a diminishing class. These "gusts" of which the preacher speaks are nipped in their development through some form of interference or other. As for the question generally, he allows that there are legitimate occasions for meddling with our neighbour's liberty. We may interfere in his blind career of ruin or grievous mischief. "If he hath not his wits about him we may supply him with ours in such exigencies"—a way of putting the case, we may observe, that leaves a great deal to the judgment of the man who throws himself into the breach; as it is the nature of this temperament to be always seeing exigencies, and feeling an imperious call to "thrust eyes, tongue, and hand into his neighbour's business, prying into that which is done, dictating this or that course, usurping a jurisdiction." The moralist raises quite a hurly-burly of words round the busybody—the meddler in other men's matters, the raiser of combustions; his turbulence, irregularity, disorder, pragmatical curiosity, and exorbitancy; contrasting, in a fine simile, these disturbing qualities with the majestic calm of the quiet temper. This quiet is not "a total forbearance from action, not a fastidious drowsy listlessness, not a senseless indifference concerning the matters of others, but such a motion as the heavenly bodies do keep, which so move as they seem ever to stand still, and never disturb one another." After all, the question must be left to individual conscience and judgment in each case which seems to bring with it a call to interfere between a man and his own modes of conducting his affairs. The busy temper cannot and need not wholly suppress itself, but these hints at exorbitancy in the mode may serve as a wholesome check.

A great deal of the outcry against meddling comes from persons who most need some interference with the swing of their course of action. How violently indignant, for instance, are young people when engaged in a course of excitement or dissipation, or any career of passion or self-will, at a word or hint of interference; how jealous of the mere suspicion of it; how insolent in thought, and often in word and act, against the offender. In all headlong doings of any kind and at any age there is the same resentment at any sense of external check, and this probably in every case because there is an enemy in the garrison which responds to the attack from without. There are two classes of mind that are patient of interference—those of the equable yielding order, who have no passion for their own way, who can look at both sides of a question, who are not carried away, who can deliberate if liberty of action remains to them, who can submit to external pressure as a thing to be, when powerless to resist it; and those who are so strong in their own judgment and intention, so confident in their ability to carry their conclusions out, that they are not afraid of it. In fact, some opposition is welcome to such minds, as making them feel their strength and imparting a sense of power. They can accept even unjustifiable intervention from other people, as feeling that no external influence can have weight or force beyond what they choose to give it. All angry feeling against interference is the result of weakness of some sort—weakness of position and of circumstances (a case which excites sympathy), rendering the victims of meddling no longer masters of their own affairs; or weakness of moral ground, the weakness of a mind not in harmony with itself.

OLYMPIA AND THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT.

THE report that the grant which has been voted for the last five years by the German Reichstag for the excavations at Olympia will not be continued in the present year has been received with something like consternation in the archaeological world. It is true that notice to this effect was given last year to the directors of the Olympian expedition in Berlin. But it was generally supposed that the extraordinary interest taken in their operations, the brilliant results with which they had been attended, and, above all, the consideration that one year more would suffice to complete the great work, might induce the Government of Germany and the Reichstag to reconsider their decision. It is to be sincerely hoped that they will yet do so; but, if they do

not, it would ill become Englishmen to utter a single word of reproof. Whether they stop or renew the liberal grant by means of which so many of the most interesting historical and archaeological problems have been solved, the German Government and people are entitled to the gratitude of every lover of classical antiquity.

The interest felt in Olympia is not without abundant justification. There are very few spots on the earth's surface round which a greater number and variety of human interests are gathered than are indissolubly attached to that little valley in Elis, which, in the form of an irregular oblong, is bounded by the rivers Alpheios and Kladeos on the south and west, and Mount Kronion (Saturn's Hill) on the north. It is true that, like the Iliuss near Athens, both the rivers and the valley are small, and not to be compared with the Mississippi and the vast plains through which it flows (as we were told some years ago at Manchester); but that little valley has been trodden by a greater number of men who have illustrated the annals of the civilized world and shaped the destiny of the human race than the whole Western hemisphere. We do not know for what reason the Peloponnesians chose this spot for their meeting-place; but they may well have done so on the ground of its extraordinary beauty. Looking eastward from the little village of Druva on the lofty right bank of the Kladeos, the spectator has the hill of Kronos and Mount Olympos on his left, and the richly-wooded heights which skirt the south bank of the "most sweetly flowing" Alpheios on his right. Before him is the glorious plain now occupied by hundreds of Arcadian workmen; and beyond it lie successive ranges of hills covered with a rich southern vegetation, whose soft undulating lines cross and melt into each other. The distant background is closed in by the rugged mountains of "happy Arcadia," the haunts of Pan and his beloved Echo.

The name of Olympia is connected not only with the earliest history, but with the oldest mythological traditions, of the Greek race. Kronos was the first King of Elis in the Golden Age, and the first temple erected in his honour stood on the hill which now bears his name. In this favoured spot Zeus himself was born, and was entrusted by his anxious mother Rhea to the Idean Daktyls, the gigantic primæval blacksmiths, who came from Mount Ida at her call. Herakles, who was one of them, raced his brother Daktyls in the plain, and adorned the victor's brows with an olive garland. Here, too, Kronos and Zeus raced for the sovereignty of Heaven and Earth; and here Apollo outran Hermes in the course, and beat Mars himself in boxing. After the gods come the mythological heroes. In a chariot race in the Eleian plain Pelops won from the betrayed and defeated Oinomaos his daughter and his kingdom. In memory of the deposed monarch, his grandson, the second Herakles, the son of Alkmene, renewed the Olympian contests, and adorned the victor with the crown of "silvery olive" which he brought from the country of the Hyperboreans, "for the glens of Pelops grew no fair trees," and "it seemed to him that the sacred enclosure was at the mercy of the keen rays of the sun":—

ἀμφὶ κόμμασι βάλη γλαυκόροα κόσμον ἐλαῖς· τάν ποτε
*Ιστρον ἀπὸ σκαράρ παγῶν ἔνεικεν Ἀιφτρωνιάδας
μάμα τῶν Οὐλυμπίᾳ καλλιστον ἄθλων
δάμον Ὑπερβορέων πείρας Ἀπολλονος θεράποντα λόγῳ
πιστὰ φρονέων Δίος αἴτει πανδόκῳ
ἄλσει σκαράρ τε φύτευμα ἔννον ἀνθρώποις στέφανον τ' ἀρέταν.
Pind. Ol. iii. 13.

"Twas from the shady sources of the Danube that of yore the son of Amphiryon brought the tree, to become a most honourable memento of prizes won at Olympia, after persuading the nations of the far north, the worshippers of Apollo, by his words. In friendly feeling he requested for the much-frequented racing-ground of Zeus a plant that should afford a shade for all men in common to enjoy, and which should be used as a crown for deeds of valour [Paley's Translation].

It is evident from these and other legends that in the very earliest ages this valley had been the scene of local festivities and gymnastic contests—had been constituted in fact the common "playing fields" of the Peloponnesian youth. When we at last reach the solid ground of history, we meet first with the name of Iphitos, King of Elis, who came into the Peloponnesus with the Heraclidae, and was contemporary with Lycurgus the legislator. Finding the country torn by intestine feuds, he consulted the Oracle at Delphi for a remedy, and was directed to sacrifice to Herakles at Olympia, and renew the games. To render the meeting of the hostile tribes possible, Iphitos and the Spartan Lycurgus, the most powerful of the Peloponnesian princes, proclaimed about 884 B.C. the *ekkētēpsis* (hand-holding), or Sacred Truce, to be observed by all as long as the games continued; and they made of Elis, what it remained through succeeding centuries, a holy inviolable land of peace and Hellenic brotherhood. From this time forward the games were regularly held every fourth year in the first month after the summer solstice, when the moon was full; but it was not until about a hundred years later, in 776, that the names of the victors began to be recorded, and the Olympian era used in the computation of time. Henceforward, for a period of more than eleven hundred years, in spite of the everlasting feuds which devastated the rest of Greece, this wonderful festival brought together all that was beautiful and magnificent, gifted and glorious, in the most beautiful and gifted people of the world. As long as Greece was free, only men of Greek origin were permitted to enter the lists; but at last barbarian conquerors forced their way into the sacred precincts, and assembled Greece was humbled by the presence of an Alexander and outraged by the

victory of a Nero. Yet the humiliation was not all on the side of the Greeks. Macedonian kings and Roman emperors were proud to appear on the Eleian plain, and feigned Hellenic descent to excuse their intrusion.

During the greater part of this long period Olympia was being adorned by the piety and pride of visitors and competitors with magnificent temples and beautiful statues. Besides the great temple of the Panhellenic Zeus, built by a local architect, Libo, early in the sixth century B.C., which contained the statue of gold and ivory by the hand of Pheidias, we learn from Pausanias that there was in the Altis a probably still older temple of Hera. It also contained Doric temples of Hestia and Demeter, sanctuaries of Eileithyia and Aphrodite Urania and Heroa, of Pelops, "who," says Pausanias, "was as much revered above other heroes as Jupiter above other gods," and of his wife Hippodameia. The Altis was further adorned by public halls and colonnades, and by innumerable statues of gods, heroes, and victors in the games, which were ranged along the public ways, set up in front of temples, and interspersed among the sacred groves. Of Zeus alone we read of twenty-seven statues, besides the bronze figures of this god called Zanes, which were erected from the fines inflicted on those who violated the laws of the games. There were also statues of Athene, Demeter, Poseidon, Hestia, Artemis, Hermes, Dionysos, Amphitrite, Asklepios, Hygieia, Herakles, and Nike. The victors, too, during nine hundred years made use of their privilege of erecting statues of themselves in honour of their victories. Pliny, who writes after Olympia had been plundered by Sulla and others, says that in his time there were still three thousand statues in Olympia; and Pausanias, who fills two books of his work with a description of its glories, describes two hundred and thirty selected works of plastic art.

The external splendour of the Olympic festival was maintained, perhaps increased, under the Roman emperors; but the sentiments of religion and patriotism which were its inner life were stifled by the corrupting miasma of foreign despotism. Olympia fell on evil days; the very Roman governors and emperors who loved to display their magnificence and power in her stadium and hippodrome did not scruple to rob her of her choicest works of art; and even the chryselephantine Zeus of Pheidias was carried off to Constantinople towards the end of the fourth century. The names of the victors, once renowned throughout the civilized world, were no longer thought worthy to be recorded; and in 394 A.D. the Olympic festival was abolished for ever by the Emperor Theodosius I. Two years afterwards Alaric and his Goths occupied the neighbouring hill of Pholoe, and finished the work of plunder and devastation which Roman conquerors had begun. They took a very practical view of the value of metal works of art; and it is therefore not wonderful that scarcely one of the many thousand bronze statues which adorned the Altis has come down to us.

Having flourished for a thousand years, Olympia now slumbered in silence and oblivion for a still longer period, hiding her desolation under the deposits of the Alpheios, which at some unknown period must have burst its usual bounds and deluged the whole plain. We hear nothing more of Olympia until the year 1766, when it was visited by our countryman, Richard Chandler. In Germany about the same time the great founder of archaeology, Winckelmann, was composing his work on the history of art, and in a letter to a friend expressed his ardent desire to excavate the Olympian stadium "with a hundred workmen." Towards the end of the last century Olympia was again visited by Fauvel and Pouqueville, and by Dodwell, Gell, and Leake, who fixed the site of the Temple of Zeus, and by Stanhope in 1813, who made the first topographical plan of the valley. Of a more serious character was the French expedition of 1829, after the liberation of Greece, the members of which, however, only stayed six weeks. They discovered the famous Metopes of the Temple of Zeus, representing Herakles and the Bull, the Nymph on the Rock, &c., which form some of the principal treasures of the Louvre.

But the glory of restoring the sacred Altis to the light of day was reserved for the new German Empire. Nearly thirty years ago Professor Curtius, then a young man, took up the idea of Winckelmann, and in a lecture at Berlin gave eloquent expression to his ardent desire to excavate the plain of the Alpheios. "When," he asks, "will its lap be once more opened to bring to light the works of the ancients?" That which lies buried in the dark depths is life of our life." His highest aspirations were fulfilled, though late. In 1874 he was himself sent to Athens to arrange the provisions of a treaty with Greece, empowering the Germans, under certain conditions, to make excavations for five years in the plain of Olympia. His mission was completely successful, and the terms agreed to bear honourable testimony to the purely scientific views of the German Government. The Reichstag, with the general applause of all Germany, voted the necessary means—namely, 7,500 per annum, for five years. A Board of Directors, consisting of Professors Curtius and Adler, and Legations-Rath Dr. Busch, was appointed, and the practical superintendence of the works on the spot was entrusted to Mr. Adolph Bötticher and Dr. Hirschfeld, who were superseded, before the visit of the present writer, by the learned archaeologists Professors Treu and Furtwängler, ably assisted by Mr. Borrmann, the architect, and Mr. Dörpfeld, the engineer. Operations were commenced in October 1875; and, in accordance with the terms of the treaty, the Temple of Zeus was made the starting-point. From this centre trenches were dug radiating in seven different directions—to the south, west, south-west, north-west, and north, one of the

first objects being to find the boundary wall of the Altis. This sacred inclosure formed an irregular oblong of not more than 400 by 200 yards in the Olympian plain, the longest sides of which were under the hill of Kronion on the north, and towards the bank of the Alpheios on the south. The Altis, which Pausanias says is Elean for *άλεος*, a grove, was the holy *τέμενος*, or sacred field, which Herakles marked out of yore and dedicated to his father Zeus.

Without any reference to the dates at which they were severally laid bare, we shall now proceed to enumerate the principal results of the excavations, which have, of course, been chiefly, though not entirely, confined to the Altis. We shall speak first of the buildings, the most important of which in every way is the Doric peripteral temple of the Panhellenic Olympian Zeus. This building is only second in size to the Temple of Athene Alea at Tegea, being about 200 feet long by 90 broad, and about 68 feet high. It is built of the testaceous limestone which the Greeks called *πόρος*; and the pillars, of which there were six at each end and thirteen on each side, were covered with a thin coating of light red cement to conceal the rather unsightly appearance of the rough stone. The diameter of these pillars is greater than that of the Parthenon columns, being considerably more than six feet in diameter. The next in size and importance is the Heraion, or Temple of Hera, which lies almost due north of the Temple of Zeus, close to the north wall of the Altis. The proportions of this building, which is also Doric and peripteral, are probably unique in the history of architecture; for though only 60 feet broad, it has a length of 150 feet, and has six pillars at each end and sixteen on each of its longer sides. Proceeding eastward of the Heraion along the north wall of the Altis, we come to the Exedra of the Heroes Atticus, a large building of brick, erected by the generous orator at his own cost, in connexion with the aqueduct by which he had greatly increased the salubrity of Olympia. The Exedra stood on a terrace rising by two steps above the plain, and consisted of a large marble reservoir, at each end of which was a small circular temple with Corinthian pillars, one of which contained the statue of Marcus Aurelius and the other of Faustina. Behind the reservoir, and on the upper step of the terrace, was a semicircular apse, round which stood twenty-one statues of members of the Imperial House, of Herodes himself, and his wife Appia Regilla, and his children.

Next to the Exedra on the east come the foundations of eleven "Treasuries" belonging to different States, the mere enumeration of which recalls the widespread celebrity of the Olympian games. The peoples here represented are the Sikyonians, the Carthaginians, the Epidamnians, the Byzantians, the Sybarites, the Cyreneans, the Selinuntians, the Metapontians, the Athenians, the Megarensians, and the Sicilians of Gela. Between the second and third and the tenth and eleventh of these Treasuries run two narrow paths leading to the Temples of Eileithyia and Aphrodite Urania, higher up the hill Kronion, the sites of which are well known, though they have not yet been excavated. In front of these Treasuries, which line the northern boundary of the Altis, stood the Metron, or Temple of the Mother of the Gods; it is mentioned by Pausanias, but he speaks of it as a very large building, which it certainly is not. He also says that it was filled with statues of Roman governors, many of which have been found. In a line with the Metron, and in front of the Treasuries, the bases of the Zanes, mentioned above, have been found. Still further to the East, along the wall of the Altis, the excavators found a tunnel, 65 feet long and 10 feet wide, which is no doubt the *κρυπτή*—the subterranean passage into the stadium, which lay outside the Altis. Parallel with the eastern wall of the Altis ran another interior wall forming with it a long gallery, which began at the *κρυπτή* and occupied the whole Eastern side of the sacred enclosure. This was probably the *πορτικός*, so called from the pictures which adorned it, which was also known as the "Stoa of the Echo," from its sevenfold reverberations. On the western side of this long portico were forty-six slender Ionic columns, and a second row of pillars in the middle of it divided it into two long aisles.

Towards the north-western corner of the Altis, a short distance to the south-west of the Heraion, is the Philippeion, a small circular temple or Heroon, surrounded by eighteen Ionic pillars, and surmounted by a conical roof. The date of this building is certain, for it was erected by Philip of Macedon in this centre of Greek glory, to celebrate the downfall of Greek liberty at Cheronaea. It contained statues of Alexander, his mother Olympias, Philip himself, and his parents Amyntas and Eurydice, all executed by the famous sculptor Leochares in gold and ivory. To the west of the Heraion, again, in the corner where the northern and western walls of the Altis meet, is a large complex mass of buildings, supposed to include the Bouleuterion, the Prytaneion, and the Temple of Hestia. One of the latest discoveries is that of the Pelopion, which was found, in accordance with the description of Pausanias, to the north of the Temple of Zeus, between it and the Heraion. Parallel with the southern wall of the Altis runs a broad street which is still bordered by bases of very different sizes, intended to sustain statues and other offerings. Where this street debouches on the western wall of the Altis lies the Gate of exit, on issuing from which you come to the interesting Byzantine basilica, which is probably a part of the studio of Pheidias. This scene of the great artist's miraculous creations was held sacred by the Eleians, who maintained a number of permanent officials called *Φαιδράται* (cleansers), whose duty it was to preserve it from decay. Due north of the Byzantine church is the Gymnasium, which is also

outside the Altis, and of which the ground plan, as revealed by the excavations, agrees exactly with the description of Vitruvius.

We proceed to speak of the remains of plastic art which have been found in the ruins of Olympia. The first great prize was the Nike of Paionios of Mende, which was found in December 1875, about twenty-six yards to the east of the south-east corner of the Temple of Zeus. It was hailed with delight as the first specimen of Greek work of which both the design and execution could, with absolute certainty, be traced to an artist of the Pheidian period. Pausanias says that "those of the Dorian Messenians, who once took Naupaktos from the Athenians, offered the statue of Nike on a pillar." This pillar, which is triangular and composed of eight blocks of stone, has also been discovered, with the inscription recorded by Pausanias. The figure of Nike is of Parian marble, and rather more than six feet in height. The Goddess of Victory is represented descending from on high, and slightly bending forward towards the ground. Her right foot just touches the centre of one side of the triangular base; the left leg is bare; and the long flowing garment clings closely to the right leg, and flutters behind her in the breeze, as she descends with easy graceful motion towards the earth.

One of the principal objects of the excavations about the Temple of Zeus was the discovery of the pedimental groups and Metopes, so fully described by Pausanias. We learn from him that the eastern pediment was entrusted to Paionios and the western to Alkamenes. The subject of the former was the Chariot race between Oinomaos and Pelops for the sovereignty of the Peloponnesus; and that of the latter, the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithae. Of both these groups most of the figures have been found, and may be seen at Olympia. They agree in almost all respects with the very full description given of them by Pausanias in the tenth chapter of his fifth book. A still more important discovery from an artistic point of view is the so-called "Atlas Metope" from the eastern façade of the Temple of Zeus, which is by far the best of the architectural sculptures which have as yet been found at Olympia. In this beautiful high relief Herakles is represented standing with his neck bent beneath the weight of the world, which he is temporarily sustaining for the Titan Atlas. Atlas stands before him with the apples of the Hesperides in his hand; behind Heraclides stands a maiden, one probably of the Hesperides, who raises her hand to the burden which oppresses the hero as if she desired to aid him.

We have reserved to the last the mention of the greatest prize which fortune has bestowed on the skill and zeal of the German excavators—namely, the statue of Hermes carrying the infant Dionysos, by Praxiteles. "In after times," says Pausanias, "other statues" (i.e. than those made of gold and ivory) "were dedicated in the Heraion at Olympia—namely, a Hermes of marble carrying the infant Dionysos, the work of Praxiteles." The god is here represented in a somewhat unusual light. He is not the swift messenger of the gods; still less the stern driver of the dusky herd of hapless ghosts "non lenis preeibus fata recludere," but a charming youth, in the very springtide of his beauty, attending on a little child. He is leaning his arm on the stump of a tree, a posture which gives to his form an easy air of negligence and an undulating grace. His whole demeanour denotes perfect repose, and the expression on his beautiful face as he looks at his precious nursing is ineffably sweet and sunny.

Such are some of the main results of the famous German expedition to Olympia; and it is sad to think that so great a work, so admirably begun, may now be interrupted. There is room, however, for hope that the decision of which we have spoken may be reconsidered.

LIVERPOOL AND GENOA.

AMONG the many ways of escaping an English winter a few are more likely to be pleasant than a voyage round the Mediterranean. Travellers subject to sea-sickness had better go to Italy by land; but those who are by nature exempt from suffering of this kind, as well as those whose sufferings endure but for a day, may find a steamer quite as much to be enjoyed as a yacht. The thorough-paced yachtsman, indeed, affects to despise "teakettles," but the same calm weather which renders the passage of the Bay of Biscay a happy episode in a steamer voyage leaves the yacht with flapping sails in the trough of the sea, turning almost upside down between great smooth rollers from the Atlantic. There is more variety, too, in the company on board the steamer. If you have come provided with books or work to be done, you are tolerably indifferent as to your fellow-travellers; but there are long hours when it is impossible to read or write, and a cheerful acquaintance on board deserves to be cherished. Though it has been well said that a man need never want a subject to interest him so long as he has himself, a sea voyage in uncongenial society tests one's mental resources, and affords an opportunity of finding out what is the pleasure, enjoyed by so many people, of being dull. Steamers for the Mediterranean generally sail from that "hamlet of Walton" which, like London, the only larger town in the kingdom, possesses the distinction of a name almost certainly Celtic. Liverpool is not a "city" yet. If the schemes for endowing the bishopric of Liverpool are ever carried out, the town, it may be presumed, will receive the same brevet rank as little St. Albans. Not so much a

nucleus for suburbs as London, it is spread, under various jurisdictions, in many different parishes and at least two counties, round that "lower pool" of the Mersey from which the largest township is sometimes said to have been called. The visitor who is fortunate enough to be at Liverpool in clear weather need not fear any want of sights to interest him. The docks, some of which cover nearly a score of acres with one sheet of water; the river wall, eight miles in length; the three millions annually paid in customs; the seven millions of tons in ships for foreign trade, all these particulars are written in bewilderling profusion in the local guide-books, together with the information that a native of Liverpool is called a "Dickey Sam," as a Londoner is called a "Cockney." But most travellers going to Italy will desire to refresh their artistic tastes before embarking, and will endeavour to carry away a clear recollection of fine public buildings and galleries of paintings, lest Genoa or Naples should make them ashamed. With St. George's Hall—a building which does honour to the name of its architect Elmes, as the "Burial of Sir John Moore" does honour to Charles Wolfe, since it was his only important work—as a commencement, Liverpool has gone steadily forward. The Walker Gallery, the Brown Library, the Picton Reading Room, the Mayer Museum, and other institutions of a similar character, recall the efforts of private citizens to follow the good example set by merchant princes in old Italian republics. The traveller who goes from Liverpool, say, to Genoa, will be constantly reminded of the parallel, although, in one particular at least, the great English seaport falls lamentably short. There is not a church in Liverpool worthy of the town. A great cathedral—for which Wren's original plans for St. Paul's he ready to hand—might be raised near the Walker Galleries and St. George's Hall, and would harmonize well with both. Meanwhile we look in vain for anything to compare with St. Laurence at Genoa, or with the glorious group—church, baptistery, campanile, and cloister—at Pisa.

The Italians are too fond of talking as if Genoa were a second Liverpool. The shipping in the whole crowded harbour is about equal to that in one of the larger Liverpool docks. Genoa may be more correctly described as the Clarence Basin or Huskisson Dock of Italy. The whole value of imports and exports put together is not sixteen million sterling; so that, great as Genoa is among little Italian ports, some progress must still be made before it becomes a serious rival to a third-rate English harbour. The glories of Genoa are not of the present, but of the past, and, it may be hoped, of the future. Though its aspect has not that freshness and appearance of good repair which satisfy English eyes in Gibraltar and Valetta, it is yet one of the handsomest towns in Italy, perhaps in Europe. A marble quay, bordered by stately mansions, has a tumble-down cottage, covered picturesquely with creeping vines, for its central feature. The main approach from the harbour to the interior of the city is through an alley no wider than Pater-noster Row, but composed of houses as tall as the new Law Courts. A street of palaces worthy to set a copy to Pall Mall is nevertheless so narrow that two carriages can hardly pass each other, and is wholly unfurnished with side-paths for foot passengers. The Exchange, a noble design by Alessi, stands in a dark little court. It contains the statue of a great and successful statesman—one whose career, above that of most others, reminds us that "treason doth never prosper." The statue of Cavour, in all the vulgarity of a modern costume, but too faithfully modelled by a sculptor whose mechanical skill largely exceeded his artistic power, sits in a loggia whose windows look out, across the little square, upon the inn where another and more noisy, if less successful, politician expired. The traveller from our islands will hardly fail to notice a tablet unmentioned by the local guides, since it marks the last resting-place of O'Connell on his fatal journey towards Rome. "Danieli Oconello vindici illi jurium civium atque sacrorum Hiberniae sue qui quam Romaniter haberet his in sedibus cessit e vita," says the inscription, doing full honour to a second-rate hotel by describing it as "Ædes." The "Liberator's" heart alone reached Rome; his body returned to Ireland, where the round tower at Glasnevin, which marks his grave, serves as a trysting place alike for Fenians and Home Rulers. It would be impossible to guess how far the modern modes of agitation in Ireland would have pleased O'Connell; but it is certain that the two and thirty years which have passed since his death at Genoa, have left his countrymen hardly more contented than they were in his day. The concessions of a whole generation of over-indulgent legislators fail to satisfy disciples who, however closely in other respects they may have imitated their master, cannot by the widest stretch of the Irish imagination ever be described as "vindices jurium civium atque sacrorum." There is something almost of irony in the strange chance which associates the memory of two such men as Cavour and O'Connell, men all whose ideas of statecraft, of political and religious liberty, of what was honourable and of good report, differed so widely.

If O'Connell would find himself behind the times in the Ireland of to-day, it is to be feared that Cavour would be scarcely less out of place in the Italy that now is. As the steamer enters the harbour each passenger is solemnly warned by the steward to make open confession of such contraband articles as an ounce of tobacco or a handful of cigars, since, when the custom-house officers come on board, search will be made throughout the ship and the luggage examined, even if no single traveller proposes to land at Genoa. The cost of such absurd minuteness, of such inquisitorial researches, must be vastly greater than the small sum in fines occasionally levied, especially as such fines are constantly

disputed, and almost always, after long and expensive litigation, remitted. The most entertaining stories are to be heard on this subject, and on that of the equally ridiculous and equally futile postal regulations of "Italia Irredenta"; but the traveller, anxious to notice what has been rather than what is, puts them all down to a certain morbid or youthful craving for interference which seems to beset young nations. The money spent on the annoyance of tourists would extinguish brigandage if more discreetly applied. "Dirt is matter in the wrong place"; and the army of custom-house officers who obstruct your landing in Italy might be better employed in taking care of the property which they suffer you to carry with you. In strange contrast to the English seaport from which you have come, you find Genoa crowded with useless, half-drilled soldiers, who cannot even walk in step. You hear everywhere of towns depopulated for want of drainage, and of fevers raging for want of pure water; and you hear at the same time of vast ironclads being built in Spezzia, and of the casting of hundred-ton guns. The price of a man-of-war for which all Italy cannot provide a crew of real sailors would drain Leghorn, or bring clean water to Venice.

Genoa is a clean town for Italy; but the odours which pervade even the noblest palaces go far to spoil the pleasure of looking at the best Vandycks of England. Vandyck lived and worked long in Genoa, and though scores, perhaps hundreds, of his pictures have gone away, there remain enough in various galleries to make a visit doubly interesting to an English lover of art. The great portrait-painter had not yet attained his highest skill; but you see here the prototypes of many a splendid picture of the islanders among whom his last years were passed. His subject-pictures are perhaps better here than in England. In the Red Palace, bequeathed to the city by the Duke of Galliera, we see the pale horse which in several later pictures bore the ill-fated Charles; but as yet, while he is ridden by the Marquis Brignole, he has not attained the freedom and life which, perhaps with the help of his fellow-pupil Snyders, Vandyck afterwards learned to give him. The dark soft eyes of the Genoese ladies, their cherry lips and tall figures, still live on the canvas; but it is to the portraits of children that the tourist turns with the greatest satisfaction. Children are happily cosmopolitan; the political and commercial, the social and moral struggles which have marked the features of the parents are invisible on their happy faces. Here is the youthful Tobit, with his dog and his fish, in a suit of blue velvet and fur. Here is a little gentleman whose father has brought him a monkey and a parrot from the Indies, and whose mother has endued him in a brocade from Trebisond. Here two stately little ladies in point lace and stiff silk smile on their freer brothers, whose play they dare not join in their fine gowns. All show the painstaking care in grouping and the vivacity of expression upon which Vandyck improved when he came to paint the children of Charles I., and the gallant boys who were to die at Naseby and Marston Moor. Besides galleries, there are churches to be seen at Genoa, but the short winter's day begins to wane before we can tear ourselves from the pictures. More interesting than the cathedral, because less injured by the well-meant, if ill-directed, efforts of restorers, is the little church and cloister of St. Matthew. It is hardly mentioned by the books, but well repays a visit. When we enter the narrow square we are at once transported into the scenery of a mediæval drama. One side is occupied by the façade of the church, all written over with the epitaphs of the Dorias. The other three sides are formed by the black and white striped walls of lofty houses, whose upper windows are pointed, and whose string-courses are carved with heraldic lions and Paschal Lambs. The lower windows are of renaissance work; and, as the spot of blue above your head pales into the evening primrose, you observe at one corner a doorway which bears over the lintel a tablet recording in magniloquent Latin the gift of the house to Andrea Doria by his grateful fellow-citizens; but within, a barber is shaving a costermonger.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN GYMNAStic MASTER.

THIS is an age of handbooks; a general proposition which is free from the rashness of most general propositions. If anybody wished to make acquaintance with the philosophy of Hegel, or to appreciate accurately the style of Pope, or to know what fashion Molière had of writing plays, there was once a time when he would set himself, with such assistance of men and books as he could get, to read Molière and Pope and Hegel. He now pays half-a-crown—or less if the discount system and his habits of payment will admit of it—and, having his handbook, is supposed to know all about the subject. Nor is the system by any means limited to books and authors. Indeed, to do justice where justice is due, the books and authors have rather borrowed it from other ingenuous arts than those of literature. Since Hoyle made his fortune as a teacher of whist a century ago and more, all sorts of games and exercises, bodily and mental, have had their handbooks, and it is to be presumed that these handbooks have been bought. The circumstances of the case make it difficult to collect statistics of the success which has attended this method of instruction. But the individual experience of most men probably includes one or two wholly futile attempts to avail themselves of it. There are perhaps few people who have not at some

time or other bought a handbook and learnt by practice how admirably a handbook can teach how not to do it. Perhaps there are not many things in which verbal description, even assisted by diagrams, is more powerless than in teaching the performance of bodily exercises. We shall not assert that no man ever taught himself to waltz, to fence, or to hang by his toes on a trapeze, by diligent and intelligent study of printed books. But we should very much like to see the performances of the man who has done this, and we should wish him a very good-tempered partner, an exceedingly forbearing antagonist, and a floor thickly covered with the softest tan.

The latest manual of gymnastic instruction bears the *nom de plume* of Captain Crawley, who has fathered many such works in time past. The Captain is in many respects of the orthodox type of writers on sporting and kindred subjects. It has been noticed by the best critics that your sporting writer has an altogether phenomenal affection for the Latin Grammar, and for the small scraps of that classic language which may be found neatly arranged and translated at the end of some dictionaries. We do not, indeed, observe that Captain Crawley indulges in the *in medio tutissimus ibis* which is dearest of all to the sporting soul. But on the other hand, he is extraordinarily fond of *verbū sap.*, which is wont to occur at the end of his chapters as a kind of colophon or tail-piece. Another delight of the sporting writer is general information, which he lavishes with a prodigality suggestive of vast learning. Captain Crawley here displays what has been strikingly called the reticence of power, rather showing us what he could do if he tried than putting forth all his skill. It would be too much to expect that in a treatise on gymnastics we could be delivered from the Greeks and Romans, who very promptly make their appearance. That among the latter people the office of gymnastic teacher was considered "of great honour and distinction" is something of a novelty to us; and it is surely hard on "the Teutonic races" to assert that they "derived their sports—leaping, wrestling, running, &c.," from the Greeks and Romans. A Teutonic race must surely have been a feeble thing if it needed to go to a Greek or a Roman to learn how to run and leap. The Captain, however, soon quits archaeology, and only returns to it to inform us that the Knights of the Round Table were adepts in boxing—a statement for which, in some reading in the original histories of those worthies, we can remember but little authority. The Carlovian Paladins had indeed a certain habit of *le boxe*, which, contrary to all the spirit of chivalry, they too often applied to the "clear visages" of their wives. But the posture of defence common with Lancelot and Percivale was, we think, somewhat different from that which Mr. Cribb and Mr. Bendigo were wont to assume. These, however, are merely the flowers of the Captain's book; its fruits are different. It purports to contain, and really does contain, the verbal description, assisted by numerous cuts, of a very large number of gymnastic feats with bars, parallel and single, with the wooden horse, the trapeze, the rings, and the other machinery of the gymnasium. It even contains a section on calisthenics, which we have read with some eagerness. Calisthenics had always previously been associated in our minds with the use of the globes, as a kind of mystery of the *Zona Dea*—to speak in appropriate sporting style—which it was not lawful for male beings to penetrate. It appears, however, from this work, that calisthenics are only gymnastic exercises without any apparatus, destined to produce graceful deportment. Some of the cuts represent a deportment which we cannot think graceful, but this is doubtless a matter of taste. The bulk of the Captain's book is devoted to more exalted deeds. He is much less parsimonious of appliances than some of his brother handbook writers. We recently saw a book on the same subject, of American origin, but, we think, republished in England, which unfolded a most ingenious scheme of apparatus for the development of muscle. The pupil was to buy a stout broomstick, to cut sockets for it in the door-posts of his bedroom, and there he was. It was impossible not to imagine the countenance of a British landlady when she discerned the use to which an active lodger desirous of a sound mind in a sound body had put her door-posts. The vision also of a house full of such athletic persons all contorting themselves in a sort of frame formed by the door-jams—for the door would necessarily be open during the process—seemed to invite the meditative imagination. But this ingenious author was, if we recollect aright, really practical; and his descriptions were not only very minute, but were limited to such feats as an intelligent person with a broomstick and license to cut about his door might actually perform. Our Captain is, as we have said, a great deal more ambitious. It must, however, be acknowledged that, with all his ambition, he is a candid Captain. He informs his readers, with a very engaging frankness, though with some monotony, that "it is folly to suppose you can become an athlete by mere reading," that "it is absurd to think you can learn any mechanical art by mere reading," &c. We fully agree with him; but in this case he seems to be in something of the same dilemma that the Caliph Omar—may he be confounded for it—invented for the destruction of the Alexandrian Library. A manual of gymnastics alone is insufficient; with an instructor it is superfluous. What, then, is the good of such a manual? Perhaps this question is more strongly borne in upon us when we read the sections devoted to what may be called combative gymnastics—to wit, boxing and wrestling. The idea of pugilism with a manual is apparently self-contradictory, unless the pugilist has three hands and two pair of eyes. Nor

is the case of wrestling much better. "When your antagonist advances his left leg to hank you, the best plan," we are told, "is to hipe him with the right thigh." Is it not pleasant to imagine the student demanding Are you going to hank me? and running immediately to his manual in order to refresh his memory as to the thigh with which to hipe? Would the hanker spare to hank meanwhile? Perhaps, indeed, the real defence of handbooks is that if they do not teach much, they may at any rate create a fancy for the subject. This would explain the cunning art of the teacher in mixing the wormwood of instruction—here is another classical allusion for Captain Crawley—with the honey of Greek and Roman archaeology, the docile want of originality of the Teutonic races, and the pugilistic habits of the Knights of the Round Table.

There is one remark of the Captain's—it is another example of the frankness which, as we have already remarked, is so attractive in him—which strikes us as about the most valuable in the book. He observes with some emphasis that, "unless the learner has a real liking for the exercise, a natural aptitude for gymnastics, springy feet, capable hands, a quick eye, good nerve, a lithe body, and a brain apt not to be confused at difficulties, he had better confine himself to such simple, though excellent, means of exercise as running and walking." This is the remark of a sensible man who knows what he is talking about, and who is not beset with the delusion that there is nothing like leather. Some rivals of the Captain's have been wont to talk as if gymnastics were, or ought to be, part of the education and daily life of all men at all ages, no matter what may be their constitution or occupation. Schoolmasters and doctors know what not unfrequently comes of the practical carrying out of this principle. There is of course no doubt that, in almost any case, elementary gymnastic exercises do a vast amount of good. To the want of them is due the fact that so many men nowadays cannot make any unusual or special exertion of the muscles without discomfort, and sometimes something worse. But to be a gymnast in Captain Crawley's sense is nearly as hard as to be a Christian in Mr. Browning's. It is certainly not every man who has the formidable string of qualifications just given; and if any one has them not it is improbable that he will ever succeed in swinging by the back of his neck on a trapeze, and decidedly preferable that he should not attempt to do so. He may still, without attaining this heroic virtue, walk his thirty or thirty-five miles a day comfortably, vault or jump any reasonable obstacle that comes in his way, and perform any other moderate athletic feats which are likely to present themselves in the life of a gentleman as distinguished from that of an acrobat. Rowing will develop the muscles of his legs and arms as well as, and far more pleasantly than, any other exercise; and he will doubtless be none the worse for a little fencing and boxing, learnt, not on the "manual" principles (which are also those of M. Jourdain), but by actual teaching and practice. All these exercises correspond more or less directly with the natural movements and practices of ordinary life. The trapeze and the flying rings correspond perhaps with the circumstances of a certain kind of life, but it is that of a monkey, and not that of a man. It is satisfactory, by the way, to perceive that this principle has now pretty thoroughly made its way in one branch of athletics, or preparation for athletics, where it used to be signally violated. Captain Crawley's remarks on training are not many, but they are sound. The old miseries of training are now pretty generally discarded, and it is recognized that a man undergoing that process should practically live in no other way than that in which it would be good for men to live at all times. In old days the principles of the process were not unlike that which, as a sarcastic Scotchman once remarked, accounts for the inability of the feeble and luxurious Southron to withstand Caledonian good cheer. "You eat too much and you don't drink enough." The same might certainly be said of men in training in the days when a horrified Oxford scout once discovered fourteen chop bones on the breakfast plates of three candidates for Putney, and when liquids were measured out with as much parsimony as if they were poisons. We have changed all that, and there is no doubt that the change is for the better.

AN ASCENT OF THE GRAND PIC DE LA MEJE.

AN expedition of no common interest is recorded in the lately published number of that well-edited but somewhat austere publication, the *Alpine Journal*. For some time past three energetic members of the Alpine Club, who seem to view with equal contempt hackneyed walks on mountains and those absurd climbs which are known by the name of new routes, have been making a series of ascents in Dauphiné, without the aid of guides, trusting entirely to their own skill and knowledge. Such ascents, as we need hardly say, have not infrequently been made before. So long ago as 1855 the late Mr. Charles Hudson and four other English travellers made their way up Mont Blanc by the old St. Gervais route without guides, their only paid assistants being porters, whom they dismissed at the top of the Aiguille du Gouté. Since that time other bold climbers who were willing to dispense with the valuable but expensive aid of guides have appeared, and not very long ago a striking feat was performed by some amateurs of this order, who reached the summit of the Matterhorn. Even this exploit has now,

ever, been surpassed by Messrs. C. and L. Pilkington and Mr. F. Gardiner, the gentlemen to whom we have referred. After making without guides a series of arduous ascents, including that of the formidable Pic des Ecrins, these travellers crowned their achievements last summer by ascending the Grand Pic de la Meije, thought by many the most difficult peak in the Alps, with the one exception of the yet unascended Aiguille du Géant. It may not impossibly astonish some readers to hear the Dauphiné mountain spoken of as more trying than the Matterhorn, inasmuch as that mountain is very commonly thought to be more severe than any other. The opinion is not altogether incorrect, for probably, if the southern side of the Matterhorn had not been made comparatively easy by the ropes which are fixed at the difficult places, it would be as hard as the face of the Grand Pic de la Meije, or as any other series of crags that can be scaled by man. It was, however, by the less arduous northern side, on the only bad part of which a chain has been placed, that the amateurs just mentioned ascended, and their expedition, fine as it was, cannot be compared with that made on the French peak. To the character of the latter mountain, indeed, the conqueror of the Matterhorn himself has borne witness. "One can scarcely speak in exaggerated terms," says Mr. Whymper, "of its jagged ridges, torrential glaciers, and tremendous precipices." Other travellers of great Alpine experience have been equally struck by this singular peak, the ascent of which without guides is certainly the most remarkable exploit that has yet been achieved by amateurs in the Alps.

We have said the ascent, but we should more properly have said the descent, for though the climb to the top was in parts very difficult, it was neither so trying nor so dangerous as the return thence; and it seems clear that, if the travellers had not been men of steady nerve and great skill, their chance of getting safe back to the valley would have been about on a par with that of arriving punctually by London and South-Western train. Before, however, speaking of the incidents of their expedition, it would perhaps be well to give a brief account of the mountain, and to show how serious an undertaking its ascent has been thought by those most qualified to judge. The Meije is a very precipitous ridge, running east and west and crowned by four peaks—the Pavé, the Pic Oriental, the Pic Central, and the Grand Pic de la Meije—the two latter, which are the loftiest, being respectively 13,026 and 13,081 feet high. The Pic Central was climbed as long ago as 1870; but the Grand Pic—a far bolder and more striking pinnacle—seemed so hopeless that it daunted mountaineers, even at a time when nearly all the summits once deemed inaccessible had been reached. Some efforts to get to it from the Pic Central were made; but there appears to have been no attempt to ascend it by any other route until 1875, when it was tried from the western *arête* and from the south. A series of determined assaults followed, but it was not till August 1877 that all the difficulties of the mountain were overcome. Most first ascents in the Alps have been made by Englishmen; but in this case it was a member of the French Alpine Club, M. Boileau de Castelnau, who was victorious. In 1878 the summit was attained by Mr. Coolidge, a well-known member of the Alpine Club, and also by two French gentlemen. A year after the latter ascent Mr. Pilkington and his comrades made their very remarkable expedition. All these ascents, it should be observed, were made by the southern face of the mountain.

It may easily be imagined that the cliffs of this southern face, which for so long a time seemed hopeless even to the most confident mountain-climbers, were formidable in the extreme; and from the account which Mr. Coolidge has published of his expedition it seems that the difficulties were not only very great, but were in one respect different from those usually found on mountains, as the trouble of getting down was out of all proportion to that of getting up. Of many *mauvais pas*, the worst was a very steep rock face which had to be climbed. The ascent of this, according to Mr. Coolidge, surpassed in continuous difficulty any other with which he was acquainted; but apparently no one part of it was worse than other places he had crossed. The descent of the cliffs, however, appears to have been trying and dangerous in the highest degree. It must almost have seemed to Mr. Coolidge as if he was going to attain a renown like that of Peter Botte. He says:—"The descent of this wall will always remain in my mind as the most arduous and terrible piece of climbing that it has ever fallen to my lot to perform. When I say this, I am speaking deliberately, and in the conviction that I am not exaggerating the impression it made on me." Mr. Coolidge, who is a most experienced climber, had with him the two Almers, the elder of whom is, as we need hardly say, the best guide in the Alps. If, notwithstanding his aid, coming down the wall was such serious work, how appalling must it have been for unaided amateurs. It may perhaps be said that they would have done better if they had realized more fully how appalling one part of their undertaking was, and had not attempted an expedition in which success would bring nothing at all commensurate with the risk which was necessarily incurred. Such a censure would be by no means without justice; but before considering it we should wish to describe the achievement of the three travellers, who, if foolhardy in some respects, certainly showed remarkable steadiness and skill.

The way to the Grand Pic de la Meije lies first up a great buttress on the southern side of the mountain some distance to the west of the peak itself. Mr. Pilkington and his comrades climbed a part of this buttress a few days before their ascent, and de-

posited their spare ropes and some provisions at a considerable height. Subsequently, on July 24th, they bivouacked on the Glacier des Etançons, and started at midnight for the formidable ascent, of which, as is often the case with very difficult ascents, the first part was by no means trying. The buttress was scaled without much trouble apparently, and at an early hour in the morning the travellers were at the foot of the great rock wall which has been spoken of. The only possible way to the summit is up this wall, and then across a huge patch of snow called the Glacier Carré, to the east of which the final peak rises. Coming to the end, then, of the easy part of their work, the travellers had to scale this wall, part of which appears to be as nearly vertical as anything which human beings may hope to climb can be. They were able at first to proceed along a ledge trending towards the west; but their progress was soon stopped by ice, and they had to worm themselves up some smooth slabs, and then, after scaling treacherous rocks, to make their way up what Mr. Pilkington, with no exaggeration apparently, calls a precipice. "On removing the loose stones," he says, "the slightest back-handed jerk, just enough to miss the heads of the men behind, sent them clear into the air; they never touched anything after leaving the hand, and disappeared with an unpleasant hum on the Glacier des Etançons, 1,800 feet below." Undismayed by the chance—not inconsiderable, seemingly—of disappearing with an unpleasant hum themselves, the climbers struggled upwards over these thoughtlessly arranged rocks, and, after spending two hours and a half in surmounting the last hundred feet, found themselves at the corner of the Glacier Carré. The passage over this was easy; but the climb up the final peak which followed it appears to have been decidedly arduous in parts, owing to the amount of ice on the mountain. There were, however, no obstacles likely to stop such energetic climbers as Mr. Pilkington and his comrades, and at half-past two they stood on the summit of the grand Pic de la Meije.

Mr. Pilkington speaks as if they had been very happy there, but it is difficult to avoid the conviction that they must have been haunted by a hideous doubt. Climbers on the tops of high mountains have often had misgivings as to getting down again; but in this case the misgivings must have been very serious indeed. To the chance of being smashed into little bits, or of starving quietly on the peak in consequence of not being able to descend it, the travellers were doubtless as indifferent as the Frenchman of romance is to the risks of a duel; but the possibility of a much graver evil must have struck them. They must have felt that, in the event of their being killed, their ascent might be denied by calumniators, and that, owing to posthumous detraction, they would never be credited with having reached the top of the Meije. A more terrible thought could not suggest itself to the mind of an Alpine climber, and these gentlemen had therefore really a strong incentive to avoid a smash, and they had also valid reasons for wishing that they might not be frozen to death, of which there seemed to be some slight chance, as they had to sleep on the snow of the Glacier Carré, with no better protection than that afforded by a thin india-rubber bag. They were none the worse, however, for their chilly night; and—not being Arctic explorers—thought but little of it. They were off as soon as they got thawed in the morning, and a short descent led them to the edge of the rocks which they had ascended with so much difficulty. To attempt to get down them without the aid of a rope to hold on by was apparently as hopeless as it would be to try to get down a brick wall; so a rope was fixed to a jagged tooth of rock, and, holding on to this and partly supported by another rope paid out from above, Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Lawrence Pilkington descended. For Mr. C. Pilkington the work was much more unpleasant, as he had to trust entirely to the fixed rope, and unfortunately the only possible landing place was not directly under the place where the rope was made fast, so that the force of gravity kept pulling Mr. Pilkington away from the right line. Once he found himself "sitting on a projecting rock, with nothing below it but air for at least a hundred feet." He succeeded in joining the other two, at last, however, and after some well-earned rest at a comparatively comfortable spot, the descent was continued. The difficulties which had to be encountered were not inconsiderable, but were small compared with that which had been overcome. Some delay was caused by one of those mistakes which are often made when the hardest part of the day's work is over, and by the state of the snow on a portion of the buttress; but the travellers got to the glacier in good time nevertheless, and were so little tired by their efforts that they were able, instead of sleeping at their bivouac, to walk down to the hamlet of La Berarde. Whether, after taking their ease at Rodier's inn there, they issued forth to struggle with more precipices and *arêtes*, or whether, content with their very remarkable achievement, they went home, their history does not state.

That their exploit is more striking than anything else as yet done in the Alps by amateurs is indisputable; and, indeed, it is difficult to see how it can be surpassed, unless some members of the Alpine Club should succeed in getting up the Aiguille du Géant without guides, which, to say the least, does not seem likely. No one can read Mr. Pilkington's quietly written account without admiring the singular skill and steady nerve which the travellers showed in carrying out their arduous undertaking. Of course, however, the question which has already been suggested arises with regard to their expedition. Can it be worth while for any rational men to put themselves in such danger for the sake merely of reaching the top of a mountain? To this question we fear only

one answer can be returned. It can hardly be seriously maintained that any possible result which Mr. Pilkington and his comrades could achieve was proportionate to the risk they ran, and they certainly seem to have passed the line which separates bravery from foolhardiness. At the same time, we believe that most people will feel that, though such a seeking out of danger must be condemned, the condemnation with which it is visited is not a severe one. Englishmen have great tenderness for those errors which come from excess of pluck and energy; and, although the doings of Alpine climbers have provoked ridicule which has not always been undeserved, and have occasionally provoked indignant denunciation, some sympathy has generally been felt for their love for the most bold and masculine form of amusement, and some admiration for their courage and enterprise. While, therefore, it is impossible to deny that men who were willing to run great risk and felt a strong desire for dangerous adventure might have found something better to attempt than the ascent of series of crags which had been thrice scaled before, it is equally impossible not to admire the courage and expertness which were shown on the Grand Pic de la Meije. Mr. Pilkington and his comrades have certainly proved in a very remarkable manner that amateurs may acquire high proficiency in mountain climbing, great skill in which has generally been thought to be beyond the reach of any save those who have been trained on hillside and glacier from their early youth. It is to be hoped, however, that their success may not lead to thoughtless imitation, and that those who envy their prowess will observe how well they had qualified themselves for their work. For any but highly-practised men to attempt to follow their footsteps would be about as wise as it would be for a six months' pupil in a riding-school to attempt a steeplechase, or for a man to try to handle an East-coast fishing smack on the strength of being acquainted with Henley Reach.

AN ITALIAN ON HIS TRAVELS.

SIGNOR DE AMICIS, one of the best-known and most popular, if not the most solid, Italian writers, whose very readable and pleasant work on Morocco we noticed last week, produced not long ago a book which, with his special authorization, Mme. Colomb has translated into French under the title *Souvenirs de Paris et de Londres*. Signor de Amicis, with all his literary cleverness and tact, is apt to take a superficial view of the men and manners of foreign climes with which he makes his countrymen acquainted, and for the most part what he says about Paris might have been readily foreseen. He felt himself bound, on the first day of his return to "beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris," to speak of "le cœur ardent de Paris, la grande route des triomphes mondains, le grand théâtre des ambitions et des débauches célèbres," and so on, by which he means, somewhat oddly, the Boulevard Montmartre. He bursts into exclamations of "Ah! Paris! Ville chère et maudite! sirène effrontée!" and when he has opened his heart in this manner he goes on to give a sketch which is not without picturesqueness of the latest Paris Exhibition. From this he passes on to write at great length of M. Victor Hugo, and what he says by way of literary judgment in this connexion may possibly have been new to Italian readers, but would certainly seem commonplace enough to English people who have any acquaintance with contemporary French literature. However, the somewhat tedious account which he gives of a personal interview with M. Hugo is not without a certain interest, the culminating point of which is found in its exquisitely *natif* conclusion. He has dwelt upon the tolerably well-known fact that M. Hugo's surroundings address him as "Mon Maître," or even as "Grand Maître," and the awe which he believed them to feel was apparently communicated to his own soul. When to his "Adieu, cher monsieur," M. Hugo replied, "Non, pas d'adieu. Au revoir, n'est-ce pas?"—"Je sortis de là, ému, heureux, avec un peu de mélancolie, et si bouleversé que je me heurtai rudement contre un fauteuil."

On M. Zola, to whom also he paid a visit, Signor de Amicis makes some remarkable observations. M. Zola is, he says, in spite of all, a moral writer. "This one can affirm with conviction. Emile Zola is one of the most moral novelists of France, and it is indeed astonishing that any one can doubt this. . . . His novels, as he says himself, are *de la morale en action*. Their offensiveness reaches only the eyes and the ears. . . . It is a deep conviction which guides him and gives him his strength; he believes that a writer ought to speak and describe that which is real on every occasion, at every cost, whatever it may be, in its entirety, without disguise." One is reminded by this of an apt if unpolished remark of Voltaire's on the same subject. "In this matter he too has what Victor Hugo says Shakspeare has, *une sorte de parti pris gigantesque*. He adapts his faculties so well to this *parti pris* that *il finit par n'être plus qu'une production plutôt qu'une création*," whatever that may mean. "His is a talent which is tranquil, patient, methodical, which gives out no brilliant flashes (*vifs éclairs*), but which throws an equable light on all things from all points of view. He is bold, but prudent in his boldness, self-contained, aiming at no great heights, and never incurring a serious fall, advancing by slow degrees along a direct path to a clearly-seen goal."

Never, perhaps, was a more astounding literary judgment delivered; and there is no room left for surprise on reading after-

wards that M. Zola's study is a kind of citadel, where he forgets the world and absorbs himself in "les graves jouissances de la recherche du vrai." Possibly Signor de Amicis's view of M. Zola may have been influenced by M. Zola's parting speech, "Je suis toujours très sensible aux poignées de main amicales qui me viennent des étrangers; mais ce n'est pas d'un étranger que me vient la vôtre; c'est de l'Italie, ma première patrie, où est né mon père." One can understand a graceful speech of this kind giving a kindly turn to the judgment of the person to whom it was addressed; but it does not account for Signor de Amicis's picking out for laudation precisely those qualities which M. Zola does not possess. It is the *vif éclair* which prevents even disgust from making one throw aside some of M. Zola's books after one has read a few pages. As for M. Zola's moral purpose and deliberate progress to a definite goal in the interests of morality, possibly M. Zola and Signor de Amicis believe in it.

Signor de Amicis's experiences of London were less pleasant, if not less interesting, than those which he went through in Paris. He arrived at his station in the dark, and he knew not a word of English; but he had provided himself with the name and address of a certain hotel, written down on a slip of paper. This he showed to a cabman, who paid no attention to it beyond making him a long speech in English. Signor de Amicis gave himself a safe pleasure by calling the cabman an opprobrious name in French or Italian, and went on his way on foot until he reached a hotel where was inscribed *On parle Français*. An ill-tempered woman, who was the landlady, received him, and called the waiter. It is, we believe, not uncommon for landladies on the Continent to call waiters. The waiter, "prononçant chaque mot français avec une contraction qui avait l'air d'un effort pour vomir," and looking at the traveller with that expression of patronage and defiance which Signor de Amicis thinks is peculiar to waiters, informed him that he could have a room, but that it would cost him five shillings. As the writer said this, he eyed Signor de Amicis suspiciously from head to foot. Our author admits that his appearance at this moment was calculated to raise suspicion. He felt himself, however, seized with a feeling of haughtiness worthy of a millionaire, and, throwing a sovereign on the table with a gesture which at the moment he thought might fitly illustrate a line of Dante's, he said, "Pay yourself!" The next morning a thing which strikes Signor de Amicis as singularly interesting befell him. He went out and looked at the Thames, and though he was looking at the Thames for the first time, he could think of nothing but a book which he had lent to a friend, and which had not been returned, of Queen Elizabeth, and of a portrait of Garrick. "Quels étranges tours," he says, "nous joue notre cerveau!" His brain did indeed treat him inconsiderately. He went out prepared to fall into the kind of meditation on the mighty river and city which he thought would befit the occasion, and his brain, scorning his preconceived ideas, would occupy itself with a missing volume of Voltaire. We have seen how Signor de Amicis was impressed with the "sirène effrontée," Paris; and we shall now see that his brain was not always refractory during his contemplation of London. "Who can tell," he says, "the myriad fugitive impressions that seize one who walks alone through a city like London? Admiration asserts itself spasmodically; but between the seizures one is oppressed with weariness of mind and body. A dozen times an hour one asks one's self, 'Am I amusing myself as a matter of fact? Is this all one gets by travelling?' Sometimes you are seized with a sudden dread of being attacked with sudden illness as you walk. . . . Sometimes you feel a sudden and unreasonable gaiety and benevolence; at others, a scowling look, a hasty answer from a stranger, change the current of your ideas, and make you see everything in an evil light," and so on.

On one occasion Signor de Amicis travelled in an omnibus, when he was at first somewhat shocked at the freedom with which people going in and out steadied themselves by resting on his shoulder. His native good humour, however, prevailed, and induced him to even offer his shoulder for this purpose when he had once ascertained the meaning of what was done. In this omnibus one not unamusing thing happened to him. A young man spoke to him in English. He replied in French, "Je ne comprends pas." The young man either did not hear, or thought it was a joke, and continued his speech. Signor de Amicis shook his head to indicate the uselessness of the proceeding, and it happened, seemingly, that the gesture fitted in with what the young man was saying, for he talked faster and with a more satisfied air than before. When at length he stopped, Signor de Amicis replied with a speech in choice Italian, of which the young man evidently understood not a word, but to which he not the less replied again in English; and so this odd conversation went on until the young man got out, when "nous nous séparâmes en nous serrant la main comme deux personnes qui se seraient trouvées complètement d'accord sur toutes les questions du jour."

One can understand that Signor de Amicis was a little confused by the vastness of London all the more readily after reading his account of what he calls "le plus joli déjeuner cosmopolite que je fusse fait jusque-là." Going over St. Paul's, he fell in with five pleasant young men, one from Cologne, one from Manchester, one from Haarlem, one from Guadalaxara, and the fifth from Lyons. The six of them went to breakfast together. "Excepté l'Espagnol et un peu l'Italien, les autres étaient des sponges à bière; la table fut bientôt couverte de verres vides, et la conversation devint très animée." Before the eighth bottle

the affairs of Europe were amicably settled, and they began to discuss distinguished persons of every nationality. Then, as they became more familiar, every one began to speak of himself. "Je suis négociant—moi journaliste—moi peintre—moi, j'ai quelque bien," et l'on se demande son âge, et l'on se dit : "Vous êtes un beau type allemand," et "vous êtes un beau type italien," et chacun écoute la langue des autres; et de temps en temps une voix s'écrie, "Mais on ne boit pas, ici!" Then they all made arrangements to meet again at all kinds of places, at all kinds of times; and then Signor de Amicis prudently took the air on the deck of a steamboat which we are left to infer finally carried him to Antwerp.

SMALL INVESTMENTS IN THE PUBLIC FUNDS.

THIS answer given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Monday evening to a question put by Mr. Fawcett leads us to hope that before long facilities will be afforded to the poorer portion of the saving classes for investment in Consols. Mr. Fawcett asked whether it is the intention of the Government during the present Session to introduce a measure having that object in view, and the Chancellor replied that the matter is under careful consideration, but that, for the present, he could say no more. The answer, it will be seen, is so vague that it commits Ministers to nothing. Yet, when a subject of this kind is taken into consideration, we may fairly assume that the purpose is to find means for carrying it into effect, and all who have given thought to the question are aware that there are no insuperable difficulties in the way of doing so. Still we are not sanguine enough to expect that, in a Session which has so early witnessed the tactics of obstruction brought into play, there is much chance of carrying a measure that is neither sensational nor affords promise of party advantage. But in any case it is a gain that the question has so far advanced as to be under serious consideration. Of the expediency of providing such facilities there is no room for doubt. At present a servant, workman, or other person of small means and thrifty habits has no perfectly secure investment open to him which yields a moderately reasonable interest. Such a person may join a Club, or a Benefit or Building society, or he may deposit in the Savings Bank, but that is really all. There are, no doubt, joint-stock Companies whose shares are of small amount, yet for some reason or other the classes of whom we speak do not put their money to any large extent in joint-stock enterprise. Now working-men's Clubs and Benefit and Building societies are excellent things in their way, and some of them are admirably managed, but a large number also are of doubtful repute. Too frequently in the case of Clubs the originally fair rules are so changed as to deprive the elder members of the advantages in expectation of which they had paid their subscriptions for a long series of years. And notoriously Benefit and Building societies are liable to be defrauded by dishonest secretaries and treasurers. Even the old Savings Banks are not safe against fraudulent trustees. And the Post Office Savings Banks, though the security they offer is complete, allow no more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum on deposits. It is, therefore, in the highest degree desirable to bring investment in Consols within the reach of the very humblest. It is true that the Bank of England opposes no difficulty in the way of small investment; but the machinery is wanting by which the poor can avail themselves of the opportunity offered them. A stockbroker would hardly care for the class of clients we are here speaking of; and, indeed, it would not be worth his while to lay himself out for their custom, since his commission would so add to the price of the stock as practically to render it prohibitory. It is like the law costs in buying a few acres of land. What is wanted, then, is a machinery, provided by Government, that shall buy and sell Consols in very small amounts, either free of charge, or at so low a rate as not to be felt even by the very poor.

As is well known, the French Government has provided such a machinery. Throughout the country the Receivers-General and their deputies undertake gratis to buy and sell Rentes in ever so small amounts for whosoever wishes to transact the business through them. How largely this machinery is resorted to is shown by the official statistics of the purchases and sales of Rentes through the Receivers-General from 1871 to 1879, both inclusive. In the earliest of these years, it will be recollect, the first of the great Indemnity Loans was brought out, a circumstance which lends special interest to the period we are dealing with. As was to be expected, there were few dealings in 1871—the year of the capitulation of Paris, the Communist insurrection, and general disorganization. The purchases did not quite amount to 6 millions sterling. But immediately afterwards they increased largely, until in 1874 they reached the maximum, being almost 24 millions sterling. Then they began to decrease slowly, the amount last year being somewhat under 16 millions sterling. For the whole nine years the purchases exceeded the enormous sum of four milliards of francs; in round numbers they reached 163 millions sterling. The cause of this increase and subsequent decrease in the buying will be found in the price of Rentes. The terrible disasters endured by France, the bitterness of party spirit, the uncertainties of the political future, the vast new creation of Rentes in consequence of the war—all these depressed prices very greatly for some years after the establishment of peace; and this, as we have seen, brought in a rush of

country buyers. On the Bourse there was a still greater rush. This eager buying, in conjunction with the rapid recovery of the country, raised prices, and then the small investors began to fall away. But the effect we are here tracing is still more clearly shown in the statistics of sales. In 1871 the sales through the Receivers-General were under 400,000.; even in 1874 they scarcely exceeded 6 millions sterling; but they then rapidly increased, until in 1878 they were over 15 millions sterling. We thus see that these small investors act in precisely the same manner as their richer neighbours, buying in a cheap market and selling in a dear one. Deducting the aggregate sales during the nine years from the aggregate purchases, we get as the excess of the purchases 96½ millions sterling. In other words, the net purchases through the Receivers-General amounted to 96½ millions sterling, or to very nearly half the indemnity paid by France to Germany. It will be borne in mind that the transactions here recorded are in addition to those on the Paris and the Provincial Bourses, and in addition also to the orders sent up direct to the capital by country bankers and other large capitalists. It follows, therefore, that the net small investments in the French Rentes for the past nine years have averaged somewhat over 10½ millions sterling, while the gross small investments have averaged 18 millions sterling. We need hardly point out how powerfully this considerable addition to the demand for the public funds of France contributed to raise the credit of the State. Without reckoning the action of the Bourses, we have seen that in nine short years the small investors, who have not hitherto been thought worthy of consideration in this country, have in France absorbed nearly half of the new debt created to pay the indemnity to Germany, leaving little more than an equal amount to the classes which here we are accustomed to regard as alone the investing and speculating classes. It is safe to say, that but for this vast absorption, the Five per Cents. would not have run up to 18 above par, in spite of their liability to conversion, nor would their present quotation be so high. And of what political importance this high quotation is, the history of France during these nine years has abundantly illustrated. Another point to be noted is that the re-purchase of the great indemnity loans from foreign holders relieves France from the obligation to remit the interest abroad. Had she been unable to buy back the stock, in addition to the original loss of the capital of the indemnity she would every year have lost the interest on that portion of the loan held abroad. As it is, the whole of the loans being practically held in France, the payment of the interest is merely a transfer from the whole body of Frenchmen, under the name of taxpayers, to a smaller body of Frenchmen under the name of Rentiers. In our own case, it is true, there is little probability of any appreciable amount of Consols being held abroad. Still, even in our own case there are abundance of reasons which make it desirable that the home demand shall be as large as possible.

It may be objected that the money, which, under the plan we are recommending, would be directly invested in Consols, is already so invested in a more roundabout way. The funds of the Saving Banks, for example, are invested by the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt in Terminable Annuities, and thus help to raise the credit of the State quite as effectually as if the depositors in the Savings Banks had themselves bought Consols. That is perfectly true, but it is not to the point. It assumes, in fact, that affording facilities to invest small sums in the Public Funds would not stimulate thrift, and would not attract any money from more questionable employment. Our contention, on the contrary, is that it would very greatly stimulate thrift, would draw out savings which are now hid away in old stockings, and, in short, would attract funds that now never reach the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt. We by no means desire to interfere with the usefulness of the Savings Banks, or to deprive the Exchequer of the means of continuing the system of Terminable Annuities. But it is to take a very narrow view of human nature to conceive that every one is satisfied with the existing means of investment. We believe, on the contrary, that there is as much divergence of opinion on this as on most other matters. Some will no doubt, in any circumstances, go on as before, depositing in the Savings Banks, others will prefer the good fellowship of the Club, or the prospect of owning a house, while many more, not suited now, or suited but badly, will be attracted by the unquestionable security of Consols, and the ease with which they can be transferred. It should never be forgotten that the taste for saving, like most other tastes, grows with use, and therefore that he who would promote thrift should provide for diversities of judgment. From a political point of view, again, it is to be remembered that the influence of this country rests very largely upon the knowledge of her boundless wealth, and of the ease with which she could raise loan after loan of enormous amount. Roughly, her credit is measured in the general estimation by the price of Consols, and every considerable addition to the demand for these would confirm and deepen the impression abroad. But, in truth, it is not necessary to multiply arguments in support of the measure we are recommending. To all who are open to conviction the experience of France is conclusive in its favour.

REVIEWS.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.*

OF the three volumes which are to contain the Memoirs of Mme. de Rémusat two have been published, and of these two one and a half have been translated into English. The translation, which is the joint work of Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. Lillie, is unusually well done, being remarkably free from the stiffness and the foreign air which mark most translations. Nor can any one doubt that these memoirs deserved to be translated, and to be well translated, into English. They are entertaining; they bear on a subject of permanent interest—the character and habits of Napoleon; and they are so written as to persuade the reader that the writer is trying to tell the truth. The maiden name of Mme. de Rémusat was Claire de Vergennes, and she was born in 1780. When she was scarcely sixteen she married M. Augustin de Rémusat, who, after her father and grandfather had perished on the scaffold just before the fall of Robespierre, had become the confidential friend and adviser of her mother. The newly-married couple lived in great retirement, but soon after their union formed an acquaintance which was destined to shape the whole course of their future lives. The lady with whom they became intimate was no less a person than the celebrated, unhappy, foolish Joséphine. After a time, the young general who made Joséphine's fortune in making his own became First Consul; and, as his power grew greater, the First Consul thought he ought to have something of a Court. M. de Rémusat was appointed Prefect of the Palace in 1802, and shortly afterwards his wife became Lady-in-Waiting, a title soon changed into that of Lady of the Palace. They stayed on, getting grander and grander as the Consulate passed into the Empire and the Emperor became the master of so many kings. M. de Rémusat was Keeper of the Wardrobe, Chamberlain, and Supervisor of Theatres; and Mme. de Rémusat had even a larger share of the gorgeous finery of the Court than she desired. They saw the Court to its very inside; and Mme. de Rémusat was admitted to the most unreserved confidence of Joséphine, and subjected to the precarious familiarity of Bonaparte. She and her husband were, however, as she says, not good courtiers. They did not push enough, and others who pushed more pushed them aside. Without being dismissed, they retired under pressure into the background; and their original feelings of admiration and affection for Napoleon had so died away that they felt it to be at once inevitable and palatable that they themselves should be out of favour. When Joséphine finally accepted the divorce which had been long hanging over her, Mme. de Rémusat accompanied her into privacy, and remained with her until Joséphine died in 1814. Events had prepared the husband and wife to look on the restoration of the Bourbons, not as a good, but as the least bad, solution of the problems which France had to face; and they were so far compromised that when Napoleon returned from Elba, M. de Rémusat was ordered to leave Paris, and Mme. de Rémusat burnt the precious journal in which she had noted for years her experiences and recorded her observations. Three years later she attempted to restore from memory the substance of her memoirs, and it is the fruit of her recollections which is now, after the lapse of more than sixty years, given to the world. She died in 1821, just in time to escape seeing her husband superseded, on account of the too great liberality of his opinions, in the prefecture which he was then holding under the Bourbons.

Considering the circumstances under which they were written, and that they only embody reminiscences of what Mme. de Rémusat had seen and done many years before, these memoirs are singularly graphic and lifelike. The writer could not possibly write after she knew the end of Napoleon's history as she had written while this history was being worked out. Her presentiments of his fall were not invented; but presentiments that have been fulfilled naturally seem to have been vivid in proportion to their accuracy; and when the great man was safely caged at St. Helena, it was perhaps satisfactory to Mme. de Rémusat to feel that her discrimination had long before sufficed to show her that, if he was a great man, he was also a very little one. The general result of her reminiscences and reflections was that in Napoleon there were two men united. There was, as she puts it, one Napoleon gigantic rather than great, prompt in conception, prompt in execution, absorbed in one dominant thought, and capable of abstracting himself from all secondary impressions—a Napoleon who, if his aims had been higher, might have been the greatest man the world had ever seen, and who at any rate was the most extraordinary. Then there was the other Napoleon, attendant on the first like its bad conscience, the prey of anxiety, suspicion, and passions, distrusting everybody and everything, and especially the creatures whom he made his slaves and the frail institutions he invented. It was this second Napoleon whom she studied in the intimacy of Court life; and she found every day some new trait of character, some petty act of tyranny, some instance of coarse, brutal vulgarity which enabled her to realize how insufferable and

odious Napoleon could be at his worst. Her first feelings had been those of unqualified admiration; but she was revolted by the murder of the Duke of Enghien, and, when her moral sympathies had once been shocked, she found in the miseries of her Court life innumerable opportunities of letting her hero descend in her esteem. She cannot be said to add much that is absolutely new to our knowledge of Napoleon; for those acquainted with his history were perfectly aware that, while he was a man of transcendent ability, he was also the greatest liar the world ever produced, odiously tyrannical, and repulsively coarse. Mme. de Rémusat does not give us a new picture of Napoleon, but merely furnishes us with a variety of new details with which to fill up familiar outlines. She carried her powers of feminine observation into the minutest particulars, and any one who cares to learn it may learn from her pages that Napoleon dirtied everything he put on, broke an infinity of nail scissors, and when he played at chess gained an easy victory by laying down the simple rule that he might move his pieces as he pleased. As a memoir-writer, too, Mme. de Rémusat had the advantage of living in an age entirely free from squeamishness, and no sentiments of prudery deterred her from sketching with much minuteness of detail the amours of Napoleon, or the indignation and final submission of Joséphine. These memoirs are never dull, while at the same time they are relieved from the appearance of malice or pettiness by the unmistakable wish of the author throughout to act as rightly as she dared and to think as nobly as she could, by her profound admiration for her reserved and conscientious husband, and by her genuine love for her country.

Napoleon in conversation with Mme. de Rémusat, or in her hearing, occasionally referred to his early life. The earliest reminiscence recorded is that of a prediction made by one of his uncles when he was a child, that he should govern the world, because he was an habitual liar. Napoleon related the anecdote with great complacency, and added "M. de Metternich approaches to being a statesman—he lies very well." In talking of his schooldays he said that he kept aloof from his schoolfellows, and that he had chosen a little corner where he would sit and dream at his ease. When his companions tried to usurp possession of this corner, he defended it with all his might, as he already knew by instinct that his will was to override that of others, and that what pleased him was to belong to him. When he entered on garrison life he took to novels, and allowed his imagination to wander over them, that he might afterwards measure his dreams by the compass of his reason. "I have always liked analysis," he went on to say, "and if I were to be seriously in love, I should analyse my love bit by bit." But, as Mme. de Rémusat contends, he never was in love, and was determined never to let passion subjugate him. He deputed Mme. de Rémusat to explain his views to Joséphine in one of her fits of jealousy. "She troubles herself," Napoleon wished her to know, "a great deal more than is necessary. Joséphine is always afraid that I shall fall seriously in love. Does she not know that I am not made for love? For what is love? A passion which sets all the universe on one side and on the other the beloved object. I certainly am not of a nature to give myself up to any such exclusive feeling. What, then, do these fancies, into which my affections do not enter, matter to her?" Of Joséphine Napoleon was really fond, unless she annoyed him by reminding him that she was his wife. On the eve of one of his battles he wrote to her in the most tender strain:—"Joséphine, you wept when I parted from you—you wept. At that thought all my being trembles. But be consoled, Würmser shall pay dearly for the tears I have seen you shed"; and next day Würmser was beaten. When, again, Lucien had positively refused to obey his brother in the matter of his marriage, Napoleon unbosomed himself to Joséphine. "It is hard," he said, "to find in one's own family such stubborn opposition to interests of such magnitude. Must I rely on myself alone? Well, I will suffice to myself; and you, Joséphine, you will be my comfort always." His favourite theme in discussing the past was the expedition to Egypt. He would speak with enthusiasm of the time when he appeared before the amazed Orientals like a new prophet. He prized the sway he exercised over people's imaginations more highly than any other, for it was the most complete of all. "In France," he said, "one must conquer everything at the point of demonstration. In Egypt we did not require our mathematics." But, if he occasionally gave the reins to his imagination, he aimed, with much success, at having no feelings. A great statesman or a great king, he said, in speaking of Frederick the Great, is a completely eccentric personage, who stands almost alone on his own side, with the world on the other. "The glass through which he looks is his own policy; his sole concern should be that it should neither magnify nor diminish." He described himself as having been much perturbed by the character of Augustus, as drawn by Corneille; for Augustus, who in other respects was admirably politic, was stated to have been guilty of clemency, and neither clemency nor cruelty has any proper place in the mind of a great man. He was much gratified, however, to find the famous "Soyons amis, Cinna," of Augustus so rendered by an ingenious actor as to give the impression of a deep and calculated perfidy, and this opened the eyes of Napoleon, who saw that he might still go on admiring Augustus. Of himself he thought that he had really risen to the highest height, that of standing outside morality altogether. When, towards the end of his time, Talleyrand suggested that the best thing he could do was to restore Ferdinand to the throne of Spain, and that he was still too strong for it to be regarded as a cowardly act, "A cowardly

* *Mémoires de Madame de Rémusat, 1802-1808. Publié avec une préface et des notes par son petit-fils, Paul de Rémusat. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1880.*

Mémoires de Madame de Rémusat, 1802-1808. Published by her Grandson, M. Paul de Rémusat. Translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. 2 vols. Vol. I. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

act," replied Bonaparte; "what does that matter to me? Understand that I should not fail to commit one if it were useful to me. In reality there is nothing really noble or base in this world. Frankly, I am base, essentially base. I give you my word, I should feel no repugnance to commit what would be called by the world a dishonourable action." Nor was Napoleon under any illusion as to the mode in which the world which he so regarded regarded him. The truly happy man, he acknowledged, "is he who hides away from me in the country, and when I die the world will utter a great 'ouf'!"

Mme. de Rémusat was able to call to mind numerous examples of Napoleon's absence of feeling, or of his complete suppression of feeling if he had any. He seemed as fond of the little son of Louis, whom he destined to be his heir, as he ever was of any one; but in 1807 the child died, and when the news of his nephew's death reached Berlin, Bonaparte, who was about to appear in public, was so little affected that Talleyrand said, "You forget that a death has occurred in your family, and that you ought to look serious." "I do not amuse myself," replied Bonaparte, "by thinking of dead people." A story in the same vein is told of him and the little King of Rome. Talma was paying the Emperor a visit and the little boy was brought in. The Emperor took the child on his knees and began to slap him; then turning to Talma, he said, "Talma, tell me what I am doing." Talma did not know what to say. "You do not see it," continued the Emperor; "I am slapping a King." In his endeavours to impose himself on the world no artifices were too small for him. While he was First Consul he made a triumphal entry into Brussels. There was a State visit to the cathedral. The clergy left the altar and proceeded to the grand entrance to await the arrival of the First Consul. But the First Consul did not appear. The clergy were first astonished, then alarmed; but they presently perceived that he had stepped into the church and seated himself on the throne which was prepared for him. The fact was that, just as he was setting out, Bonaparte had been told that on a similar occasion Charles V. had preferred to enter the church by a little side-door which had thenceforward been called by his name, and he thought that an imitation of the manoeuvre might lead to the door being called that of Charles V. and of Bonaparte. One of his favourite tricks was to disconcert people by pretending to forget them, just as at one time he took immense pains to captivate his soldiers by always managing to recollect them. He used to go round to ladies of his Court and enjoy the amusement of throwing them into confusion by asking them, "Pray, who are you?" Gentlemen who attended his receptions in a semi-official way were exposed to similar interrogations. Grétry, a member of the Institute, frequently attended the Sunday receptions, and the Emperor was always coming up to him and asking his name. One day Grétry, who was tired of this perpetual question, answered the Emperor's rudely uttered "And you, who are you?" by replying, "Sire, I am still Grétry" ("Sire, toujours Grétry"). Ever afterwards the Emperor recognized him perfectly. This petty pretension of forgetfulness was part of a system. As Mme. de Rémusat says, the aim of Napoleon was to isolate every one. No general or courtier or mistress was to be more than Napoleon made him or her, and no two people were to league together. His greatest troubles came from his own family, and he was distracted by the malice of his relations and the relations of his wife. Louis was especially odious to him, and Napoleon once remarked, "His feigned virtues give me almost as much trouble as Lucien's vices." Mme. de Rémusat was certainly not imposed on by the feigned virtues of Louis. She thoroughly detested him for his odious cruelty to Hortense, whom she to the end of her life believed to have been a model of immaculate virtue. M. Paul de Rémusat takes care by a judicious note that not even the reputation of the exceptional member of the Bonaparte family shall remain unscathed. And of all the family Mme. de Rémusat has drawn a series of portraits which, if the reproduction of disagreeable features is fidelity, must be pronounced to be admirably faithful. The best and certainly the most elaborate is the portrait of Joséphine herself. Mme. de Rémusat was a warm, but an impartial, friend. She seems to have really liked Joséphine, and as really to have despised her. She bears testimony to Joséphine's kindness of heart, even temper, and forgetfulness of injuries; but also paints her as fickle, easy to move and easy to appease, incapable of sustained attention or serious reflection. The genius of Napoleon overawed her; she criticized him only in what concerned herself personally, in everything else she respected what he called the force of his destiny. This was not good for her, for, as Mme. de Rémusat sums up her experience, "Napoleon exerted an evil influence over her, for he inspired her with a contempt for morality, with a large share of his own characteristic suspicions, and he taught her the art of lying, which they both practised with skill and effect."

The only man who was not overawed by Napoleon, who dared to judge and oppose him, and of whom he was afraid, was Talleyrand. M. and Mme. de Rémusat became, as time went on, intimate with Talleyrand, and the Memoirs are enriched with many anecdotes of Talleyrand, and records of his felicitous sayings. One of the first occasions on which Talleyrand and Bonaparte passed the limits of a casual acquaintance was when Bonaparte was on the point of setting out for Egypt. "I was in bed," said Talleyrand, "and Bonaparte came and sat by me. He told me all the dreams of his youthful imagination, and also of the difficulty in which he was placed by the want of money. 'Stay,' I said to him, 'open my desk; you will

find there a hundred thousand francs belonging to me; repay me when you return.'" When Bonaparte became First Consul he repaid the money; but he could not believe that Talleyrand could have lent the money without some deep design, and, not being able to find the design out, he frankly asked Talleyrand what his motive had been. Talleyrand said he had no motive except the wish to aid a young man of promise. "In that case," said Bonaparte, "and if it was really done without any design, you acted the part of a dupe." In the same way, when Bonaparte had rejected, as above mentioned, Talleyrand's advice to restore Ferdinand, he ended by saying:—"All I have to do now is to consider whether our advice agrees with my present policy, and to try and find out besides," he added, with a Satanic smile, "whether you have not some private interest in urging me to take this step." Talleyrand, and Talleyrand alone, was, he thought, capable of outwitting him. If Talleyrand managed Napoleon, he let him know that he managed him. Napoleon once asked Talleyrand how he had so rapidly made his great fortune. "Nothing could be more simple," said Talleyrand; "I bought stock on the 17th Brumaire and I sold it again on the 19th." This was the adroitness of invention, but there was a higher kind of adroitness in his management of Napoleon on another occasion, at the time of the signature of the Treaty of Amiens. Talleyrand, after the treaty had been signed, went to see Napoleon, and for a whole hour remained transacting other business, and only at the end produced the treaty. "Why did you not tell me at once?" Napoleon asked. "Oh," replied Talleyrand, "because then you would not have listened to me on any other subject. When you are pleased you are not always pleasant." One or two specimens of Talleyrand's peculiar manner of saying good things, as if in the most natural and simple manner, may also be gathered from these volumes. Napoleon once said to him of Berthier, "He is so uninteresting that I do not know why I should care at all about him, and yet when I think of it I believe I really have some liking for him." "If you do care about him," replied Talleyrand, "do you know the reason why? It is because he believes in you." Many years after the death of Pichegrus, just before Moreau's trial, Mme. de Rémusat asked Talleyrand what he thought of this death. "I think," Talleyrand answered, "that it happened very suddenly, and in the nick of time (*bien subitement et bien à point*)."
The reader is indebted to the notes of M. Paul de Rémusat for recalling another saying of Talleyrand's which has the merit, if it be a merit, of being more epigrammatic. Talleyrand, when he quarrelled with Napoleon, was replaced as Minister of Foreign Affairs by Maret, afterwards created Duke of Bassano. Talleyrand had the greatest contempt for his successor, and thus summed up his opinion of him when giving his recollections of the period:—"I never knew but one man so stupid as the Duke of Bassano, he was M. Maret." What between the text and the notes, these volumes are eminently readable, and those who have gone as far as what has now been published will take them will concur in eagerly looking for the completion of the task which M. de Rémusat and his very efficient translators have set themselves.

TORRENS'S MARQUESS WELLESLEY.*

THE object Mr. Torrens had in view in writing this book is not very apparent. The intention indeed appears to be that an historic memoir of O'Connell should follow as a companion volume. "None seemed to me," says Mr. Torrens in his preface, "so characteristically representative of the two races long alienated by evil laws as those eminent men"—Wellesley and O'Connell to wit—"whose likenesses I have sought to trace in these volumes." From which it might be supposed that one of the two was an Englishman and the other an Irishman. As he goes on to observe, "A greater contrast cannot be conceived than that presented by their dissimilar ways of life, habits of thought, and impressive powers of expression. . . . As they were seldom in contact or antagonism, I have had no temptation to resort to antithesis." That the two men are thus dissimilar appears to Mr. Torrens a reason for coupling them together in a book, from which very Hibernian way of putting it one might suppose that our author himself belongs to the "two races," which is his allusive mode of naming the Irish. Perhaps when he comes to his historic portrait of O'Connell Mr. Torrens may have something new to tell us. The present volume contains nothing that was not known before. The author makes references, indeed, here and there to original authorities; but he does not give the source from which he quotes, nor explain that the papers in question have already appeared in various published works. And when Mr. Torrens does give us anything original, he is almost always inaccurate. Thus, at p. 99 we are told that

Mornington [on being made a member of the Board of Control—a sinecure office] found it less irksome to study reports and elaborate minutes, received with a broad joke and apparently never thought of more, than intermittently to give perfunctory attendance; and to admit to himself that he was fit for nothing but a sinecure, that was harder (*sic*) than any amount of work; and, when the permanent officials left his table bare day after day, he sent books out of the limited library which then existed, and occasionally for copies of documents of importance from the archives, and from these he set about compiling, in the twilight of information concerning the East which Burke himself had found it so difficult to read by, a historical epitome of events from the times preceding the establishment of our fac-

* *The Marquess Wellesley: Architect of Empire: an Historic Portrait.*
By W. M. Torrens, M.P. London: Chatto and Windus. 1880.

tories at Surat and Cossimbazar. Why he took so much trouble about it he probably could hardly have told at the time. But the irritable *ennui* within him wanted relief.

That Lord Mornington ever wrote a minute while at the Board of Control, still more that it was received with a broad joke, there is absolutely no evidence to show; and it is equally without proof that he attended the office day by day. The notion that one of the members of a sinecure Board should write minutes or give attendance day by day is sufficiently disposed of by the fact that the office was a sinecure, for Lord Mornington as for all the other members. Nor is it necessary to assume that Lord Mornington found the library too small for his purpose, since the epitome in question is in fact made from Orme's History; as for its having served as a relief from ennui, it consists of a few pages of foolscap, and might have been written in three or four days. When, therefore, Mr. Torrens says a little later that "Mornington had by diligence in his office at the Board of Control, and by thoughtful study of the history of our acquisitions in the East during the forty years that had elapsed since the battle of Plassey, qualified himself in a certain degree for administrative trust," we feel that he is talking nonsense. It is impossible to be diligent in the discharge of duties when there are no duties to discharge, and even if Lord Mornington had been thoughtfully studious, his superiors in the Government would have known and cared nothing about it. He was chosen to be Governor-General of India, not for having made an epitome of Orme's History, but because he was an Irish peer who had made a considerable figure in the House of Commons, and above all because he was an intimate friend of Pitt. It is equally a figure of speech to speak of the "huge East Indian" which conveyed Lord Mornington to India; the Indian men of these days were vessels of about twelve hundred tons. Of the Governor-General after he had landed in India Mr. Torrens says:—"Three months of unquestioned power, with nothing but the sense of ultimate responsibility afar off, would have beguiled a nature less ambitious and idealizing into giving way to the intoxication of power. Mornington never grew bewildered or blinded by the dangerous potion." This is a singularly unhappy criticism. The same thing might be said with perfect truth of every other Governor-General. Sir John Shore, Lord Cornwallis, Lord Minto, Lord Hastings, Lord Amherst—none of these were bewildered or blinded by drinking of the dangerous potion for several years, not to say three months. On the other hand, it has generally been conceded of Lord Wellesley that the pride of power was exhibited by him in an unusual degree, and made a decided foible in an otherwise fine character. Sir James Mackintosh spoke of him as being a Sultanized Englishman. Certainly no Governor-General ever surrounded himself with so much state. Again, speaking of Lord Wellesley's correspondence with English friends, Mr. Torrens felicitously remarks:—

How his susceptible, eager, inquisitive nature must have gorged (*sic*) such delicious packets! may be gathered from replies like the following [Letter to Lord Holland]:—"I request you to accept my acknowledgments for your kind note of April 24th, and for the *Anti-Jacobin*, which has amused me greatly. . . . Let me express my gratitude, my dear Lord, for your kind attentions to Lady Mornington and to my children."

Mr. Torrens has indeed a curious incapacity to understand the meaning of language. When the Governor-General goes down to Madras to press on preparations for the war with Mysore, "the whole tone of administration"—in that Presidency—"was gradually changed. The coxcombry of clerkship was snubbed into diligence, and fine-gentleman airs had to give place to civility and regularity in office hours." To apply epithets which at one time might have been applicable to the English Treasury or Foreign Office to Madras office establishments; to speak of old Indians of the last century as giving themselves fine-gentlemenairs, is of course ludicrously inappropriate, as is the reference to the supposed "habitual indifference of Anglo-Indian officials," who are much more obnoxious to a charge of over-earnestness. Mr. Torrens is not more happy in his descriptions of places; as when he says that, "in the comparative seclusion of Barrackpore . . . it was . . . pleasant [to the Governor-General] to hear the clank of his orderly's scabbard early and late in the courtyard below," and where he speaks of the waste of money on the "fantastic domes" of Government House at Calcutta. We are informed on unimpeachable authority that the bungalow occupied by the Governor-General at Barrackpore is a one-storyed building with nothing below, not even a courtyard, where a scabbard could clank; while, if the photographs of the viceregal residence at Calcutta are to be trusted, it has only one dome, and that entirely remote from the fantastic in appearance. The account given of the College of Fort William, established by Lord Wellesley, shows that Mr. Torrens does not in the least understand what he is writing about; for he talks about "acolytes coming in readily, the young cadets showing up well in most of the schools." The students of the College were young civil servants and not cadets; and as to their coming in readily, as if there had been any option, one might as well talk about the prisoners in a gaol coming readily to the treadmill.

Inaccuracies of this sort are of course much more serious when they refer to larger matters. Thus, when Mr. Torrens says, of the war with Holkar, that Lake, "at the head of British dragoons and Sepoy horse, literally hunted Jeswant Rao and his predatory host from point to point in the contested Doab, until at length he came up at night with them at Futebhur,

where they were surprised and routed with great loss," the use of the adjective "contested" gives an entirely wrong colour to the narrative. The possession of the Doab was never contested by Holkar in the proper sense of the term. The word "Sepoy," we may observe, invariably denotes a foot soldier; to talk about "Sepoy horse" is like talking about grenadier hussars. Again, "the Raja of Bhurtapore sided against us, and after repeated assaults his citadel remained impregnable. Delhi, on the other hand, was successfully defended." So one might write, the Prussians were defeated at Jena; on the other hand, a picket of French dragoons was surprised by some Brunswick hussars. The siege of Bhurtapore cost us the flower of our army, more men than all the previous war; the so-called successful defence of Delhi was the beating off of a predatory band of troopers, who hung about the place for two or three days, and then hurried off. From Mr. Torrens's way of stating the two cases no one would guess the intrinsic difference between them.

The part of the book which deals with Lord Wellesley's proceedings after his return from India, and his abortive attempts to form a Ministry, is somewhat clearer, because the subject-matter is more familiar to the general reader. The obscurity to be found here is due not to the facts, but to the author's curious way of stating them. Thus, Mr. Torrens quotes a letter from Sir Arthur Wellesley when made Chief Secretary for Ireland to Lord Buckinghamshire, which ends thus:—

I accepted my present office on condition that it should not prevent my being employed in my profession; and considering that Lord Wellesley had determined to support the new Government, and that they were likely to be placed in difficulties in Ireland, I did not think myself at liberty to decline it.

And he remarks on it:—"The friendship of his old chief remained unbroken; but Grenville could not so easily forgive, and the old class-fellows walked no more together." Who the old chief was, for what person his friendship remained unbroken, and which were the old class-fellows who no longer walked together, the author has successfully rendered a mystery. Again:—

Mr. Whitbread had actively supported Sheridan for Westminster against Paull, and on the hustings said that proceedings against Wellesley need not terminate though he were left without a seat in Parliament. This he construed into a pledge that he and his political friends would undertake the part of prosecutors. In a public letter on February 8, 1808, he enjoined Mr. Whitbread, whose talents and whose integrity he honoured, to redeem the implied pledge.

Notwithstanding this way of putting it, the reader must not suppose that the question was of either Sheridan or Lord Wellesley being left without a seat in Parliament, or that Mr. Whitbread addressed a letter to himself. Again:—

Sidmouth had been Premier, like Grenville, and for a much longer time. Personally he had many friends, and he was the favourite of the King. He was willing to waive his claim to priority in favour of Wellesley, but with his old assailant Canning he repeatedly refused to sit in council. . . . Then there was Castlereagh, who did not pretend to the lead, but who had a devoted following in Parliament, without whom he was resolved that no Government should go on.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Torrens means us to understand that Sidmouth was determined no Government should go on without Castlereagh, or that Castlereagh was determined no Government should go on without his devoted following. Again, "the [Regency] restrictions expired in February 1812. On the 13th a letter to the Duke of York proposed to Grey a union of some of his friends with Ministers, suggesting thereby the omission of Grenville. Grey asked leave to confer with him." The friends in question, however, were not those of the Duke of York, as might be supposed, and it was not with the Duke, but Grenville, that Grey proposed to confer. We must conclude with another curious specimen of the author's criticism:—"The veteran Lake had tottered home to enjoy the evening sunshine of sympathy and homage from surrounding friends, but without having put by enough to support the advancement in the peerage which Wellesley insisted on as his due." Lord Lake was a veteran in one sense, having seen a great deal of service, although by no means an old man, as generals go, being in fact only a little over sixty; but as to his being a tottering one, the truth is that till just before his death he was as active and enduring as the youngest officer in the army. The notion that a viscount requires a larger income than a baron is one in keeping with many of the other reflections in this funny book.

SENIOR'S CONVERSATIONS.*

THE Journals now published are the last which Mr. Senior wrote. Their style and matter display his highest point of perfection in a branch of literature which he may almost be said to have invented. Only long practice combined with natural aptitude rendered it possible to report, in good English and with a substantial accuracy which is proved by internal evidence, long conversations conducted in French. In estimating the value of the statements and opinions which Mr. Senior has recorded it is necessary to remember that they were all intended for future publication. The interlocutors trusted, with good reason, in Mr. Senior's discretion that they would not be compromised with the Government or with contemporaries whom they might criticize;

* *Conversations with Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire, from 1860 to 1863.* By the late Nassau William Senior. Edited by his Daughter, M. C. Simpson. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1880.

but they knew that they were speaking to a more or less remote public audience, and that Mr. Senior's long head was, as Mrs. Thrale said of Boswell, equivalent to shorthand. The only doubt which could arise as to Mr. Senior's accuracy and fidelity might be suggested by the vigour, the fulness, and the occasional brilliancy of the different speakers. It seems too true that French conversation twenty years ago was much better than English conversation at the present day. The superiority cannot be attributed to the language, because Mr. Senior writes in thoroughly idiomatic English. In some instances he may perhaps have pruned away redundancies or added force to the original phrases; but his own style in speech or writing was rather solid and weighty than epigrammatic. No man was less inclined to antithesis or paradox, though he never hesitated to avow opinions which might be novel, and therefore unpopular. The merits of the French contributors to his collection are their own, and they are also responsible for an incidental defect which is common to them all. Some of their number discharge with credit that part of the prophetic function which consists in the enunciation of sound principles and suggestive warnings; but in the sense in which a prophet is so called because he predicts future events, the oracles are all equally deceptive. It is true that almost all Mr. Senior's Parisian friends, differing widely among themselves, agreed in hatred and professed contempt for *Celui-ci*, as they designated the Emperor. Some of them foretold his overthrow through the errors of his domestic administration, and many as the result of his foreign policy; but they were all equally certain that his power would be of short duration. A war with Prussia was a contingency which was often mentioned as probable, but it seems not to have occurred to any distinguished Frenchman that France might possibly be defeated. Again and again Mr. Senior was assured that the Church, the army, the middle class, and the workmen were bitterly hostile to the Empire; yet, seven years after the latest conversation recorded, seven millions of Frenchmen, forming an overwhelming majority of the total number of voters, supported the Emperor against all the sections of the Opposition. A ruinously unsuccessful war, which had been in its origin wholly unnecessary, fulfilled by an accident the vaticinations in which it had never been included as one of the probable causes of the fall of the Empire. Unfulfilled prophecies, though they may have been of little use when they were delivered, afterwards furnish valuable materials for the history of opinion. As in the former instalments of the Journals, Mrs. Simpson has edited the work with judgment and ability. The notes in which she gives biographical accounts of some of the less known personages of the dialogues are instructive and judiciously concise. Mr. Senior, though he is ordinarily content to leave his interlocutors to speak, takes in these volumes a less infrequent part in the discussions, always representing, where it was often wanted, the element of sceptical good sense; yet he seldom intervenes except for the purpose of eliciting explanations or of recalling attention to matters which had been overlooked. Having proposed to himself a definite object, he adhered to his plan with a self-denying and artistic consistency. Few writers of equal ability and accomplishment would be content to efface themselves so habitually, with the result of preserving a dramatic unity of design.

In 1860 Mr. Senior found that French society almost unanimously disapproved of the aid which Napoleon III. had given to the cause of Italian unity. General Changarnier accused him of having exhibited personal cowardice at Magenta and Solferino; but the real ground of dissatisfaction with the war was the annexation of Lombardy, and afterwards of the Duchies, to Piedmont. During 1860 Garibaldi added Naples and Sicily to the Italian Kingdom, and in the autumn of the same year the defeat of Lamoricière's Papal army at Castel Fidardo gave Victor Emmanuel possession of the Legations. Mr. Senior's friends frequently assured him that Garibaldi would attack the Austrian possessions in Venetia, and be beaten, with the result of compelling France once more to come to the assistance of Italy. If Prussia supported Austria, the French Emperor would undertake the conquest of the Rhine provinces; and a campaign on the Rhine might lead to war with England, and perhaps to ulterior consequences, which happily never occurred. "It," said M. de Corcelles, "Garibaldi is beaten, Louis Napoleon must rescue him, and then we shall have a German war. We shall beat the Germans at first—we always do so—will you permit us to reap the fruits of victory?" The same orthodox and intelligent statesman believed "that the only bond among the Italians is war; that peace, instead of a cement, would become a solvent; that left to themselves they would crumble into dust." On the opposite assumption that Italy remained united and monarchical, M. de Corcelles felt "that not merely Louis Napoleon, but, what is more important, France, would have a right to ask for an extension of territory. She might ask for it on the south, on the west, or to the north. She might take Belgium and the Rhine, or Catalonia, or the Riviera and Genoa." The utterly unscrupulous doctrines of virtuous and constitutional politicians furnish a kind of excuse for the less predatory ambition of Napoleon III. Some weight must be attached to the general consent of well-informed Frenchmen in attributing to the Emperor a want of definite theory and purpose. It was believed that his enterprise in 1859 had been in some degree caused by his fear of assassination after the attempt of Orsini. His unfriendly critics generally thought that, although he might entertain vague designs of aggression, his indolence and love of pleasure would prevent

him from following any steady and active policy. Some of them maintained that he could not afford to remain for five years at peace; yet it was admitted, not only that the mass of the people were dazzled by his success, but that they heartily sympathized with the cause of Italian unity. With the exception of the Emperor, the only person in high position who took a wise and generous view of the Italian question was Prince Napoleon, who himself had few friends. There appears to have been no foundation for the rumour that he was a candidate for the throne of Naples. The occasional encouragement which the Emperor afforded to a pretender was given to the Murat family. Mr. Senior was sometimes told that England had designs on Sicily, and that Garibaldi's expedition had been supported by English gold. He was probably not believed when he answered that there was no secret service money applicable to such a purpose, and that England wanted nothing from Sicily except oranges and sulphur. He sums up with quiet humour the attacks on England with which M. de Circourt greeted him on his next visit to Paris in 1861:—

We were wicked for not stopping the war with Austria; we were wicked for not forcing Louis Napoleon to force Victor Emmanuel to observe the peace of Zürich; we were wicked for sending Garibaldi to Naples; we were wicked for sending the French fleet from Gaeta; we were wicked for allowing Prussia to attack Denmark. In short, it is in our power to keep the whole world quiet; it is our fault that it is in an uproar; and we shall be punished by seeing the French flag flying from Mayence to Antwerp, the Greek flag at Corfu, and the green flag in Dublin. Our French friends seemed to think this all very friendly and very wise.

In 1862 and 1863 the popularity of the Emperor had declined, and politicians of the higher classes were more than ever confident of his early overthrow. The restrictions on freedom of debate had been relaxed; and though the Opposition only consisted of five members, public criticism was soon found to be incompatible with absolute power. Thiers, who at this time had not returned to public life, foretold with unusual prescience the effect of a small admixture of liberty in ultimately destroying the fabric of despotism. There is reason to believe that the Emperor himself was aware of the danger of concessions which he nevertheless made in the hope of prolonging under new conditions the existence of his dynasty. The first Napoleon had foreseen that his successor must submit to constitutional restraints which he utterly repudiated for himself. The change in the character of the Second Empire began after the birth of the Prince Imperial, to whom his father was passionately devoted. But for the madness of the German war, it is not impossible that he might have bequeathed to him a constitutional throne. The unemployed statesmen who confided to M. Thiers their ingenious speculations on public affairs for the most part shared the prejudice against the Treaty of Commerce which had probably alienated from the Emperor the goodwill of the traders and artisans. Thiers was content to stigmatize as obvious folly the instalment of Free-trade which no other French ruler has had the sagacity or the courage to imitate or to extend. The Mexican expedition had not at the date of these conversations reached its disastrous close; but it was justly regarded as a rash and wanton expenditure of French resources for the benefit of a foreign and remote country. In 1862 and 1863 the cause of the Mexican failure was not foreseen in England or France, and scarcely in the United States. The establishment of the independence of the Confederacy was regarded as certain; and even Mr. Dayton, the American Minister, believed that the Union could only be re-established by the aid of an imaginary Southern party which would come forward in the event of Northern success. Both Mr. Senior and his friends repeatedly express their surprise at the folly of the Federal Government in offering reiterated affronts to England. It was not unreasonably inferred that there was an intention of provoking a rupture with England, for the purpose of excusing unavoidable defeat in the attempt to reconquer the South. At Lord Cowley's Mr. Senior once met Mr. Dayton, and Mr. Corby, who was a Confederate. "If you had been really neutral," said Dayton, "and had not raised the rebel provinces into a nation by allowing them belligerent rights, we should have suppressed the rebellion in three months." "If you had been really neutral," said Corby, "and had not supplied the Federals with arms and ammunition, they would have given up in three months." In this and in other respects it is interesting to recall the forgotten memories of seventeen or eighteen years ago. In answer to an inquiry by M. de Montalembert, Mr. Senior told him that English politics were tranquil, and that no one wished to disturb Lord Palmerston. "Does no one," said Montalembert, "care for reform?" "No one," was the reply, "except to detest it." It is doubtful whether there had been a general change of opinion when, three or four years afterwards, both parties successively promoted comprehensive measures of reform. The predictions of 1860 will probably in the last years of the century have been not less completely falsified by experience. Englishmen are perhaps less confident in their anticipations than Frenchmen, and it is possible that they may be more prescient of their own future. Few of them will rival the lucid force and neatness of the Orléanists and Republicans of 1860. Many readers may not unreasonably prefer the dramatic or literary merit of Mr. Senior's reported conversations to their historical interest; but it is impossible to insert extracts of such length as to represent the spirit, the finish, and the variety of a book which is throughout entertaining and instructive.

THE SEAMY SIDE.*

THE clever authors of *Ready Money Mortiboy* and a number of subsequent novels have devised a singularly ingenious complication of events for the plot of their latest novel, which, besides the perception of character and the lightness and humour of writing that belong to most of their works, possesses a strong dramatic element. Events, some of which the experienced novelist reader expects, and for some of which he is entirely unprepared, are dovetailed into each other with singular neatness of construction, and would fall naturally enough into such a series of *tableaux* as is common to some kinds of French plays, or, with judicious management and compression, might afford an effective closing situation for each act of a play arranged in the more usual form of acts without *tableaux*. It is worth noting that the surprises of the story depend almost entirely on the workings of the character of one of its personages. The authors have disdained to perplex the reader as to the thing upon which the main action of the tale hinges—the supposed death of Mr. Anthony Hamblin, the rich and blameless merchant. We know from the first that, for reasons which seem sufficient to him, he has taken advantage of an ice accident on the Serpentine to disappear, leaving his unclaimed coat to create the impression that the bursting water has engulfed him. What we do not know is the fertility of resource of his brother Stephen, known as "Black Hamblin," which up to the last moment seems likely to enable him to carry out his villainous designs. That he will be thwarted finally may of course be taken for granted all through; but the knowledge that this must be so scarcely diminishes the interest with which one watches his doublings.

The novel opens with an annual gathering of the Hamblin family, at which the principal characters are the two brothers already spoken of, Alison, daughter to Anthony Hamblin, and Gilbert Yorke, a young barrister in love with Alison. The gaiety of the evening is disturbed so far as Anthony is concerned by the arrival of a certain Miss Rachel Nethersole, who asks for a private interview with him, and who is described by the footman who shows her in to his companions as "dressed in rusty black, with a shawl over her arm, and a white collar on. As for her face, it's like a door-scraper." To Mr. Hamblin's courteous speeches when he joins her in his study this woman replies, "I neither sit, nor break bread in this house of sin. I am here for a purpose. That despatched, I go as I came." Miss Nethersole goes on to remind Mr. Hamblin of certain events which happened twenty years before at Newbury, when two brothers, "out for some sort of godless holiday," made the acquaintance of two maiden ladies, with one of whom they both fell in love. "The elder stated his case to me." "Clumsily," said Anthony, "so that you believed I was making love to you. When you found out your mistake, you took your—revenge he was going to say, but he altered the word—"your own course." Presently, Miss Nethersole goes on to say, the younger sister disappeared, and sent a letter to the elder saying she was happy with her husband, giving her address, and begging for forgiveness. Miss Nethersole replied by saying that she would never see her again, but would allow her one hundred and fifty pounds a year, to be drawn for on the 1st of January. "For eight years," says Miss Nethersole, "I continued to receive the draft for a hundred and fifty pounds and to honour it":—

Mr. Hamblin started in his chair and sat bolt upright.

"For how long?" he cried.

"For eight years. Ah, you know now why I am here!"

"I know now?" he repeated, as if incredulous.

"You pretend astonishment? That is because you have been found out. Surely I am but an instrument. The judgments are slow, but they are very sure."

Mr. Hamblin sank back in his chair and grasped the arms as if he wanted physical as well as moral support. "Eight years!" he gasped.

"You know what it means. Come, Mr. Hamblin, have the courage to tell me what that means."

"It means," he said, with white lips—"it means—forgery."

"Forgery," she repeated, with manifest enjoyment. "That is exactly what it means. I kept all those drafts, never thinking what might happen. When the ninth first of January came and brought no draft, I knew that my sister was dead. I had the blinds down and went into mourning. But last week I made a discovery. I found out that my sister had been dead six years before the last of those drafts was sent me."

Mr. Hamblin was silent.

Here we have a pretty enough beginning of a mystery. Miss Nethersole tells Anthony that he will be arrested in two days' time. "Think," she says, "of what you have before you; years in a convict prison; years in convict garb, on convict's fare, doing convict's work. And when you come out again, not a man in all the world to take you by the hand and call you friend! Do you tremble?" "He certainly did not. His face was pained, but not terrified. His look was troubled, but not with fear." He replies to Miss Nethersole that, if she executes her threat, her deed will recoil on her own head; and he implores her to destroy the forgeries, in which case he will explain all to her. Now here is what may perhaps fairly be called a flaw, if a slight one, in the construction of the story. There seems no sufficient reason for Hamblin's not revealing the truth to Miss Nethersole at once, instead of giving her a night to think over what he has said, which it must be owned is vague enough, and hardly calculated to carry conviction with it. However, novelists must no doubt be allowed

a certain license in matters of this kind; and, if what happens in this scene is improbable, the improbability is at least not glaring. When Miss Nethersole, still firm in her belief that she is "an instrument" for the punishment of the wicked merchant, goes away, she leaves with Hamblin a journal of her sister's, headed "The Journal of a Deserted Wife"; and, when the door has closed upon his odious visitor, Anthony says, with a sigh, "Poor Alison! Poor child! Must she then learn all?"

A certain proportion of readers will probably guess, at least after this interview, why it is that Anthony is more pained than terrified at Miss Nethersole's threats, and why he makes this remark concerning Alison. But as this happens in the third chapter of the first volume, it is of course only the beginning of the complications, the interest of which may be said never to flag, diversified as it aptly is with exceedingly lively sketches of strange characters and scenes.

One of the best hit-off characters is a certain Mr. Alderney Codd, a cousin of the Hamblins, in whom the faculty of hoping for fabulous wealth, which is sometimes found allied with hopeless improvidence, is treated with singular freshness. His sole source of income is a lay fellowship at St. Alphege's, Cambridge, which provides "an annual income for a man who, but for this provision, might have done something useful in the world. It is said that the moiety of the fellowship is retained by a certain firm of lawyers, and distributed annually among a small band of once confiding persons who have with one consent removed their confidence from Mr. Alderney Codd. He is the only member of the family who retains a kindly regard for that dubious sheep of the flock, Stephen." The description which comes later on of the tavern which is the favourite haunt of Alderney and of those like unto him, of the schemes which are discussed, and the talk which goes on there, is admirable. The character of Alison, who of course is of the greatest importance to the success of the book, strikes us as being very happily drawn. There is one scene between her and another character, a certain J. Bunter Baker, who is equally well drawn in all his native repulsiveness, which is so good that at the risk of making too long an extract we must quote it. This offensive young man is charged with a mission from the villainous Stephen, and, having seen Alison once before and been greatly astonished by her beauty and charm, has made up his mind to propose to her. On his way he encourages himself "by little exhortations, such as 'Go in and win, J. Double B. . . . Don't be afraid—she is but a woman. All women are alike. You're not so bad-looking, my boy; you've got a manner of your own with them; you've got the dibs; lots of girls would give their back-hair to get J. Double B.'," and so on. When it comes to the point, however, his courage fails him, and he gets hot in the nose. He proposes, however, to call again:—

"I dare say [he says] you are pretty dull in this great house all by yourself. I could cheer you up, perhaps. Let me try, Miss Hamblin."

"Cheer her up?" She looked in amazement.

"I'm not a bad sort," he continued, warming to his work. "Come to know me, I am rather a good sort; at least they tell me so." He assumed a smile of satisfaction which made her shudder. "I may have my faults like most men. To begin with, I am not come, like you, of a great City House. I had my own business to make, and I've made it. The dibs are all of my own piling"—he thought this might sound vulgar—"and when I say 'dibs,' of course I mean the money; because I began as nothing but a clerk. You wouldn't think that, Miss Hamblin, would you, to look at me now? However, here I am—just as you see me. I've got a big business in tea; really a big business. There's my cab at the door for you to see the kind of hack I can afford—cheap at a hundred; and I'm quite a young man still, Miss Hamblin, and perhaps not so bad-looking as some—eh? Handsome Jack I have been called. We should run well together; and the long and the short is that, if you will let me pay my attentions to you, I am ready, money or no money."

Alison burst out laughing. She was so happy in her mind that she was amused rather than offended. The man's vulgarity, his impudence, his mock humility, his personal conceit, his intense belief in himself, amused her. She clapped her hands together as delighted as any school-girl at a joke, and burst into merry peals of laughter, which utterly routed and discomfited the worder.

"Pay your attentions to me, Mr. Baker?" she cried: "oh, I am so sorry, because I am obliged to decline that delicate offer, so delicately made. Another girl, Mr. Baker, must have the happiness of receiving your attentions. And oh! I really feel what I am giving up: the big business in tea, and the cheap hack, and the—dibs, and the young man, still young, called Handsome Jack. But there are many other girls, I am sure, who take a deep interest in tea, and expensive hacks, and dibs, and Handsome Jacks. You will have better luck with them, no doubt. Good-morning, Mr. Bunter Baker."

She laughed in his face, and left him there standing, hot and flushed. His knees felt shaky, and monosyllables trembled on his lips.

As he went away he became aware that there stood in the doorway an albino boy, who, on being perceived, exchanged his laughter for affected weeping, and exclaimed, "Oh! what a dreadful thing! She won't have him; she throws away his dibs and despises his tea; our full-flavoured at two-and-four, and our reely choice at three-and-two. She won't have him, even though they call him Handsome Jack!"

This boy, Nick Cridland by name, a nephew of Anthony Hamblin, is in one sense the triumph of the book. It cannot but be difficult to represent a boy, with a sharpness, it is true, beyond his years, but with a thorough boy's nature, and so represent him that he never seems either unnatural, tedious, or offensive. Messrs. Besant and Rice have succeeded in doing this, and they have given an element of novelty to their book by making young Nick the principal agent in bringing about the disentanglement of the troubles with which Anthony Hamblin's unfortunate but well-meaning plan of passing for being dead surrounds Alison. The character of Stephen, the promoter of these troubles, is drawn

* *The Seamy Side. A Story. By Walter Besant and James Rice, Authors of "The Golden Butterfly," &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.*

with audacity and success. The authors have not shrunk from showing us a man who has not one good quality left in his nature, and have yet made us believe that it is perfectly possible to meet with such a man any day. There is perhaps more thought in the treatment of his character than the authors have given to any previous creation of theirs.

We have purposely left untold all that happens after Hamblin's self-effacement, and readers of the book will probably be grateful to us for not spoiling their interest in it. *The Seamy Side* is one of the best, if not the best, of the authors' novels.

LEGEND OF THE BURMESE BUDDHA.*

THIS work, although it made its first appearance more than a quarter of a century ago, may be said to be new to the English public. It first came out in the *Journal of the Indian Archipelago*, a periodical of very limited circulation, and it has been twice reprinted in a collected form at Rangoon. Few copies of either edition reached Europe, and these were soon dispersed. The stock at Rangoon has been exhausted for some years, and a reprint in England comes very acceptably to those who have heard of the merits of the work but have not been able to procure it. Some few European scholars into whose hands the book had found its way have spoken of it in highly commendatory terms, and it has been freely used for more than one popular exposition of Buddhism. It is a curious fact that, although it is the work of a French prelate, it has been translated from English into French. The right reverend author has approached his work in the most enlightened and impartial spirit. He sets forth the virtues of Buddhism with candour, and censures its errors and deficiencies with a firm though gentle tone. The keynote to his treatment is found in the preface, where he says:—

Though based upon capital and revolting errors, Buddhism teaches a surprising number of the finest precepts and purest moral truths. From the abyss of its almost unfathomable darkness it sends forth rays of the brightest hue.

The book has been derived entirely from Burmese sources—from "the religious books of the Burmans, and from frequent conversations on religion, during several years, with the best-informed among the laity and the religious," this last term being used here and throughout the book for *religieux*—a convenient French term for which we have no exact equivalent. A very considerable portion of the work is made up of translations from original authorities; others apparently consist of digests and compilations from various sources. It would have been well if the former had been marked as quotations, and the works specified. The words of an original authority must always have more weight than any summary, however carefully and conscientiously made.

Buddhism, as is well known, spreads over a vast part of Asia, and numbers its adherents by hundreds of millions. It has no Pope, no great central authority to keep the various branches in harmony; so the religion as professed and practised in different countries, though agreeing in the main principles, shows many and important divergences. The Buddhists of Nepaul, Tibet, and the North have been separated from their co-religionists in the South by the reconversion of India to Brahmanism. The canonical books of the North are chiefly written in Sanskrit, and have been made known by the labours of Brian Hodgson and other investigators. There are also many works in Tibetan. But the true scriptural language is Pali, the language of Buddha himself, and the language in which the sacred books of Ceylon are written. It is through the Pali that Buddhism has for the most part been made known to Europe. This religion cannot be written about or spoken of without a constant use of its technical terms, for which European languages afford no equivalents. These terms have become familiar to some extent in their Sanskrit forms, but they appear commonly in their legitimate Pali shapes. In fact, Buddhism has become known to Europe in a Pali dress, and confusion and difficulty will be obviated if that is retained. We have been led to this observation by the fact that in these volumes the familiar names and the technical terms of Buddhism are written according to Burmese orthography, and many of them appear in shapes which none but experts can identify. The author was quite justified in using these words, but he would have removed many a difficulty from the way of his readers, and have obviated much vexation, if he had supplied the Pali forms in brackets, in footnotes, or in a general table at the end. Few readers will find difficulty in identifying Gaudama with the Pali Gotama; they may recognize Sakyamuni in Thakiamuni, perhaps even Sudhodana in Thoudaudana. In such passages as "the Thoots, or instructions; the Wini, or discipline; and the Abidama, or metaphysics," the explanations may enable them to identify these words with Suttas, Vinaya, and Abhidhamma; but only the initiated will perceive that dzedi is chetiya (Sans. chaitya), dzat is jataka, tsekiawaday is chakkavatti (Sans. chakravarti), and rathee is rikhi (Sans. rishi), that Adzatathat is Ajatasatru, and Pimpathera is Bimbisara. Corrupted forms like these abound, and will be the causes of much needless perplexity. Speaking on this subject,

the Bishop says:—"The Burmese employ their common alphabetic characters for writing Pali words. The words, having to pass first through a Burmese ear, and next being expressed by Burmese letters, undergo great change. To such an extent does the metamorphosis reach that very often they are scarcely recognizable." The metamorphosis has been heightened in the work by the occasional use of French phonetics, and the result is that ordinary readers will find much difficulty in reading it and comparing it with such a work as Spence Hardy's Manual.

Burmese annals represent that Buddhism was introduced into Burma in the fourth century of our era; but some maintain that it spread thither long before that time, and it may well have done so. There is no conclusive evidence on the matter. But, whatever may have been the date of its introduction, there can be no doubt of the peculiar importance of the Burmese legends and records:—

Owing to its geographical position, and perhaps also to political causes, Burma has ever remained out of the reach of Hindu influence, which in Nepaul has coloured Buddhism with Hindu myths, and habited it in gross forms of idolatry. In China, where there already subsisted at the time of the arrival of the preachers of the new doctrine the worship of heroes and ancestors, Buddhism, like an immense parasitic plant, extended itself all over the institutions which it covered rather than destroyed, allowing the ancient forms to subsist under the disguise it afforded them.

Other reasons may be found to account for the comparatively primitive state in which the Buddhism of Burma remains. The people of Burma have never shown any of that aptitude for metaphysical inquiries for which the Hindus have been distinguished. They have clung to the moral and human side of Buddhism without caring to enter deeply into its philosophical teachings. The same simple easy tone of mind has made them contented with the religion of common life; they have not felt the need of sacrifices and propitiatory offerings, so of priests in the true sense of the word they have none; and although it is a duty and a pleasure for them to minister to the wants of those who follow the religious life, these have never attained to anything like the ascendancy which the Brahmins have established over the Hindus. The Burmese appear also to be deficient in imagination; they have but few aspirations for the beautiful and the spiritual, and they have no craving for the ritualistic and sensuous forms and ceremonies which have grown to such a height in the Buddhism of Tibet. For all these reasons they have retained a large share of the original simplicity of Buddhism, and their form of religion is consequently of very high interest.

This Legend of Buddha gives a complete history of the life of the great teacher, from his conception and birth to his death and accomplishment of the Nirvana. The whole is told in the most unaffected language, unadorned by flights of imagination or poetic fancy. Marvels and miracles there are, but these are of a prosaic and practical character, directed more to the enforcement or illustration of some particular doctrine than to captivate and allure the imagination. But the great teacher's intense love of humanity, and his compassion for the evils under which it suffers, pervade the whole. His struggles to obtain knowledge, the courage with which he grasped and held fast each new truth as he discerned it, and the unremitting thought with which he worked out his ends, deserve the respect and admiration of all thinking men. Those ends, it is true, reached something like atheism, something like annihilation—we say something like, because the Buddhists themselves as well as European philosophers are at variance as to the exact meaning of these terms; but however much the end may be pitied and deplored, the life of moral rectitude, the love, the tenderness, and the compassion by which that end was to be accomplished, are beyond all praise. No religion has approached so near to the Christian code of morality. This religion, says the venerable prelate, "is the greatest in its extent and diffusion, the most extraordinary and perfect in its fabric and constituent parts, and the wisest in its rules and prescriptions, that has ever existed either in ancient or modern times without the pale of Christianity."

The Bishop has illustrated and explained his text with many learned notes. We have observed some repetition in these, particularly in respect of those relating to the four great truths which constitute the "Law of the Wheel," which is "incessantly revolving upon itself, and successively presenting those four points to the attentive consideration and affectionate piety of the faithful." These four truths are:—1. Pain, or the miseries of life. 2. The causes of pain. 3. The destruction of pain. 4. The way leading to that destruction. The miseries of existence, bodily and mental, are but too well known to all men; the causes of them are to be found in the lusts and desires of life, which must be subdued by patient reflection and constant mortification. "He who has reached this point is just prepared and qualified for going in search of the Neibban (Nirvana) or the absolute exemption and permanent deliverance from the four causes productive of existence. . . . This is to him what the harbour is to the storm-beaten mariner, or deliverance to the worn-out inmate of a dark dungeon." This deliverance is to be found by following the four roads to perfection:—"Perfect belief, perfect reflection, perfect use of speech, and perfect conduct."

Readers who have only a limited knowledge of the subject are often puzzled by the many points of identity between Brahmanism and Buddhism, and are unable to decide whether some particular tenet belongs to the one or to the other or to both. The metempsychosis is common to both; the Nirvana of the Brahman and the Nibban of the Buddhist have but a subtle difference. With the Brahman it means absorption into the divine essence of the

* *The Life or Legend of Gaudama, the Buddha of the Burmese.* With Annotations, &c., by the Right Reverend P. Bigandet, Bishop of Ramatha, Vicar Apostolic of Ava and Pegu. 2 vols. Third Edition. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

universe; with the Buddhist it is, according to our author, absolute and permanent deliverance from existence. Gotama Buddha was by birth a Hindu, he was educated in Hindu philosophy and science, and was learned in all the wisdom of the Brahmins. When he became a religious teacher his great object was to bring about a change in the inner life of man, and to show the way to salvation or deliverance through a constant perseverance in well-doing, by a life of unvarying charity, purity, and humility. He interfered with Hindu science and philosophy no further than as they were at variance with his own doctrines, and his preaching was not directly antagonistic to Hinduism. He inculcated his own precepts, but did not assail the old religion. Hence it was that the two religions existed quietly together for a long period, and it was not till Buddhism had developed a formal system that it fell in India under the assaults of the Brahmins.

In addition to the Legend of Buddha, which constitutes the greater part of the two volumes, there is a long and learned essay on the "Seven Ways to Neibban," which is "an abridgment of all the principles that constitute the system of Buddhism." This, as the Bishop confesses, is a very abstruse and difficult subject, and "the reader must be prepared to wade up to his chin into the somewhat muddy waters of metaphysics." This is a sufficient warning to those who care not for such exercises; but it will have its attractions for some minds, and it must be studied by those who "wish to penetrate into the very sanctuary of Buddhism." This is followed by a chapter of much greater general interest on "the Phonyies or Buddhist Monks, sometimes called Talapoina, a name given to them and introduced into Europe by the Portuguese from their carrying a fan formed of *tala-pat* or palm-leaves." These monks are very numerous, they are all clad in yellow, and live in monasteries under the rule of spiritual chiefs. They are vowed to chastity, humility, poverty, and self-submission. They are to live upon alms; but, although they carry a special dish for the reception of gifts, they are not to beg. They practise confession, and one of their duties is to teach the young. "The Phonyies are highly respected by every member of the community. When they appear in public, walking in the streets, they are objects of the greatest attention. The people withdraw before them to leave a free passage. . . . The best proof of the high veneration the people entertain for them is the truly surprising liberality with which they gladly minister to all their wants. They impose upon themselves great sacrifices, incur enormous expenses, place themselves joyfully in narrow circumstances, that they may have the means to build monasteries with the best and most substantial materials, and adorn them with all the luxury the country can afford." This reverence and devotion of the laity has produced its natural results; the monks are reserved, cold, pretentious, and haughty. "Vanity and selfishness, latent in their hearts, force themselves on the attention of an acute observer," but "the most striking feature in their character is their incomparable idleness." "They are bound to read, study, and meditate; but their ignorance and laziness incapacitate them for such intellectual exercises. They remain during the best part of the day sitting in a cross-legged position, or reclining and sleeping, or at least attempting to do so. . . . The teaching of their scholars occupies a few of them for a short time in the morning and evening, and they are often relieved from their mortal *ennui* by visitors as idle as themselves, who resort to their dwellings to kill time in their company." The good Bishop says in conclusion that he has "endeavoured to give a faithful account of this great religious order," and although he has "been obliged, for the sake of truth, to mention many abuses that have slowly crept into it," he has "never entertained the slightest intention of casting a malignant contempt or a sneering ridicule upon its members."

In this endeavour he has been completely successful. The whole work is marked with the purest candour and impartiality, and the result is a most interesting and exhaustive account of the origin and the doctrines of this great religion.

HUXLEY ON THE CRAYFISH.*

THERE are two ways by which a scientific knowledge of any branch of natural history may be attained. The mind may be prepared by a systematic study of the first principles or broad generalizations built up by biologists from patient and exhaustive exploration of the whole animal kingdom, the conclusions thus arrived at having to be impressed more or less dogmatically upon the tiro at the outset of his pursuit of nature. Or, contrariwise, the learner may be made to take in hand some individual member of the boundless family of living forms, to study its form and functions, to anatomize its structure, scrutinize its parts and organs, and, by gradual induction from the facts thus brought under observation, come to grasp and realize the laws and processes of vital action which this single specimen shows, in common with others more or less nearly allied to it. Of the two methods, how muchsoever professional teachers may differ in estimating their intrinsic logical value or their power to discipline the mind, few among learners will hesitate to choose the latter, if only for the charm it presents in bringing the faculties at once face to face with nature, instead of confronting them with abstract formulas.

* *The Crayfish: an Introduction to the Study of Zoology.* By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S. With Eighty-two Illustrations. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

We are glad to see this direct process of natural study adopted by Professor Huxley as an introduction to the study of zoology. He desires to show how the study of one of the commonest and most insignificant of animals leads step by step from everyday knowledge to the widest generalizations and the most difficult problems of zoology. For this purpose he has chosen the crayfish, as an animal easily to be met with, and, albeit common and lowly, capable of illustrating the entire range of biological questions which excite so lively an interest in our day. He cites Roesel von Rosenhof as showing it to be so full of wonders that the greatest naturalist may be puzzled to give a clear account of it. The attention of naturalists has already been largely drawn to the study of the crayfishes, as Professor Huxley shows by the ample list of books and memoirs, in addition to those mentioned in the text and the appendix, which he has brought together at the end of his treatise. In these the student will find the means of systematically carrying on the researches of which the author has so ably indicated the first steps, distributed under I. Natural History; II. Anatomy and Physiology; III. Development; IV. Taxonomy and Distribution. The materials which have up to the present time been collected are, he allows, too scanty as yet for the process of tracing out exhaustively in all its details the genealogy of the crayfishes, and determining, in relation both to geological time and to physiological descent, the various types or groups under which they come before us. The available evidence is nevertheless perfectly clear as far as it goes, and is, Professor Huxley maintains, in complete accordance with the requirements of the doctrine of evolution. If a completely satisfactory theory of the aetiology of the order is still to be regarded as a problem for the future, the present discussion may be taken as laying down the lines upon which the investigation is to be worked out.

If the results obtained by the study of the geographical distribution of the crayfishes are compared with those indicated by their morphological characters, the important fact of a broad and general correspondence between the two is brought to light. That wide belt of the equatorial region of the earth's surface which separates the crayfishes of the Northern from those of the Southern hemisphere is shown by Professor Huxley to represent as it were geographically the wide morphological differences which mark off the two primary divisions of the Potamobiidae and the Parastacidae, each group occupying a definite area separated by an extensive border-land untenanted by crayfishes. The two together form, in the metaphorical nomenclature of the zoologist, a tribe, the Astacina, based upon a common plan in nature to which the name of Protastacina has been given. That all crayfishes may be regarded as a modification of this original plan is not, our author argues, an hypothesis, but a generalization obtained by comparing together the observations made upon the structure of individual members of the tribe. In a very clear diagram he has drawn out a graphic illustration of the stages or steps of differentiation through which the forms now existing in nature have passed, ranging by modifications of the tribal, the family, the generic, and the specific plans, down to the morphological characters indicated by each individual form. Whilst from the Potamobius or Northern family are sprung the generic groups of *Astacus* and *Cambarus*, to the Parastacina or Southern are to be traced *Astacoides*, *Astacopsis*, *Cherax*, *Engaeus*, *Parastacus*, and *Paranephrops*. Having given an anatomical definition of the general tribe of Astacina, Professor Huxley goes on to define each of the two families, by superadding to the definition of the tribe the statement of the specific peculiarities of the family:—

Thus the *Potamobiidae* are those *Astacina* in which the podobranchia of the second, fourth, fifth, and sixth thoracic appendages are always provided with a plaited lamina, and that of the first is an epipodite devoid of branchial filaments. The first abdominal somite invariably bears appendages in the males, and usually in both sexes. In the males these appendages are styliform, and those of the second somite are always peculiarly modified. The appendages of the four following somites are relatively small. The telson is very generally divided by a transverse incomplete hinge. None of the branchial filaments are terminated by hooks; nor are any of the coxopoditic setæ or the longer setæ of the podobranchia hooked, though hooked tubercles occur on the stem and on the laminae of the latter. The coxopoditic setæ are always long and tortuous.

In the *Parastacidae*, on the other hand, the podobranchia are devoid of more than a rudiment of a lamina, though the stem may be alate. The podobranchia of the first maxilliped has the form of an epipodite; but, in almost all cases, it bears a certain number of well developed branchial filaments. The first abdominal somite possesses no appendages in either sex; and the appendages of the four following somites are large. The telson is never divided by a transverse hinge. More or fewer of the branchial filaments of the podobranchia are terminated by short hooked spines; and the exopoditic setæ, as well as those which beset the stems of the podobranchia, have hooked apices.

No other inhabitants of the fresh waters or of the land can be mistaken for crayfishes. But certain marine animals especially resembling the crayfishes have at times been included in the genus *Astacus*, such as certain kinds of lobster. The anatomical distinctions pointed out by Professor Huxley make abundantly clear the reasons for keeping this genus apart. In the common lobster, for example, *Homarus vulgaris*, the last thoracic somite is firmly adherent to the rest, the exopodite of the antenna is so small as to appear like a mere movable scale, all the abdominal appendages are well developed in both sexes, and in the males the two anterior pairs are somewhat like those of the male *Astacus*, but less modified. The chief differences are made clearly evident by the woodcuts, both of the entire specimen and of the anatomical parts shown on a larger scale. The lobster chiefly differs from the *Astacina* in regard to the gills, of which it exhibits twenty on either side—

namely, six podobranchiae, ten arthrobranchiae, and four fully developed pleurobranchiae, these gills having their filaments much stiffer and more closely set than is the case in most crayfishes. Most important of all, the podobranchiae have their stem as it were completely cleft into two parts longitudinally, one-half corresponding with the lamina of the crayfish gill and the other with its plume. "Hence in the lobster the base of the podobranchia bears the gill in front, whilst behind it is continued into a broad epipoditic plate, slightly folded upon itself longitudinally, but not plated as in the crayfish." The distinctive anatomy of the Norway lobster (*Nephrops norvegicus*) is also explained by our author, who shows how these two genera, *Homarus* and *Nephrops*, constitute a family, *Homarinidae*, constructed upon the same plan as the crayfishes, but so far apart from the *Astacina* in the structure of the podobranchiae and other points as to be relegated to a different tribe, nearer indeed to those of the *Potamobiidae* than of the *Parastacidae*. Still more distinct is the rock-lobster (*Palinurus*). Yet, differing as they do in appearance, size, structure, and habit of life, not only all the crayfishes, but the lobsters and rock-lobsters reveal to the morphologist unmistakable signs of fundamental unity of organization on a common plan. Even the common prawn (*Palæmon*) is very like a miniature lobster or crayfish, the number of the somites and of the appendages, with their general character and disposition, being the same, though lesser differences are shown between them, especially in the respiratory organs. Not far apart, again, is the shrimp (*Crangon*), differing from the prawn mainly in the character of its locomotive and prehensile thoracic limbs, besides the substitution in some species of the flat head for the sharp rostrum.

A short discussion of other forms of Crustacea, such as the crabs, popularly associated with the crayfishes, as well as the South American and Australian varieties of the latter family, leads Professor Huxley to face the final problem of biology, which is to find out why and how a class of animals of such structure and powers, and so localized or diffused, so different yet so homogeneous in plan, came into being. Setting aside as beyond the pale of science the idea of separate creation, he seeks the cause within the usual settled order of nature, under some form of the law of evolution. Narrowing this hypothesis once more by leaving apart the idea of abiogenesis, or the origin of the crayfish or any other living form from non-living matter—not a particle of evidence for any such process having been found in nature—we come to the doctrine of transformism, all existing kinds of crayfish being conceived as the product of the development or metamorphosis of earlier forms of living beings, the result of the interaction through long past time of two series of factors, the one a process of morphological and concomitant physiological modifications, the other a process of change in the conditions of the earth's surface. To account for the prevalence in Great Britain of fresh-water crayfish, which can hardly be supposed to have crossed the sea, we have to look back to the time when our present island group formed part of the European mainland; when a wide expanse of fresh water extended from the valley of the Danube to that of the Rhône, around the northern escarpment of the Alpine chain, where the glaciers had an enormously wider extension than at present. Still, the head-waters of the Danube were connected with those of the Rhine, the Rhône, and the Northern Italian rivers. The Danube debouching into the Black Sea, then connected with the Aralo-Caspian Sea, an easy passage would thus be open for the crayfishes into Western European waters from those of the Aralo-Caspian area, to which we may with most probability look for the original home of the crayfish. From the same vast system of fresh-water lakes, extending from Lake Baikal westwards to Finland and Sweden, eastwards across Asia to Amurland, and, under geographical conditions other than the present, to the lake and river system of the North American continent, we may explain the distribution and subsequent variation of the Transatlantic crayfishes. It may be less easy to account for the presence of the crayfish in Japanese waters; but there is evidence for the belief in an extension of the Asiatic continent quite as far east as that group of islands, enabling us to conceive a common ancestral form, referable, it may be, to the Middle Tertiary formation, yet traceable, in the less developed or imperfect form of fossil remains, to the Jurassic or Liassic period. Professor Huxley's scale presents us with the hypothetical succession of forms of the *Astacomorphous* type, concluding with the remark that, if such a typical crustacean, having characters intermediate between those of *Eryma* and those of *Pseudastacus*, existed in the Triassic epoch or earlier; if it gradually diverged into *Pseudastacinae* and *Erymidae*; if these again took an *Astacinae* and *Homarinidae* character, and finally ended in the existing *Potamobiidae* and *Homarinidae*—the fossil forms left in the track of this process of evolution would be very much what we actually find them. He has thus traced the pedigree and the affinities of a creature familiar to most parts of the British islands, though far less valued or made use of by us than by our nearest Continental neighbours, into whose *cuisine* it largely enters, and to whom we are doubtless indebted for its popular name, as we are for our mutton, beef, and pork, instead of the sheepflesh, oxflesh, and swineflesh of our English forefathers. *Crevis* or *crevise*, the oldest form of spelling, is far more likely, our author thinks, a modification of the French *écrevisse* than of the Low Dutch *crevilk*. In "cray" he sees simply a phonetic spelling of the syllable "cre," in which the "e" was formerly pronounced as all the world except ourselves now pronounce that vowel; while "fish" is the "vis," insensibly modified to suit our knowledge of the thing as an

aquatic animal. Though he does not explicitly say so, we apprehend that he attaches to "cray," in this instance, the etymology which makes it expressive of well-known names of places in the chalk country, indicating here the coating of lime which forms the outer skeleton and arms the limbs of the crayfish.

The reader of this valuable monograph will lay it down with a feeling of wonder at the amount and variety of matter which has been got out of so seemingly slight and unpretending a subject.

BREWER'S READER'S HANDBOOK.

Of the making of queer books there seems to be no end, and this new *Reader's Handbook* is certainly one of the oddest of its class. It corresponds to a real dictionary very much as a policeman in a pantomime corresponds to the solemn functionary of the same name who protects public order in the streets. In its very nature it is farcical and grotesque; it might be called without injustice a very elaborate parody of a lexicon. The author trusts that it may be found to supply a want; without being flippancy, we may reply that it certainly will to those who want to laugh. It will be invaluable to people who desire to know, in a great hurry, who it was that brought forward his thirty-two children and presented them as "a valuable offering to his king and country." They will learn from the *Reader's Handbook* that it was Count Abensberg, and that he was a mediæval gentleman who lived a long time ago. In the next page they will find with surprise and pleasure that "Accidente!" is a curse and an oath used in France occasionally, and that Sir Anthony Absolute was a testy but warm-hearted old gentleman, who imagined that he possessed a most angelic temper. The author remarks in the preface that he has borne in mind throughout that it is not enough to state a fact; it must be stated attractively. We thoroughly endorse this very innocent piece of self-laudation, and confess that we never saw miscellaneous information put forward more attractively, or indeed in a more pleasing strain of unconscious humour.

We hardly know whether to give the palm to those articles in the *Reader's Handbook* which deal with ancient or with modern history. For classic times Dr. Brewer seems to have chiefly trusted to that admirable scholar and antiquary who veils her genius under the pseudonym of "Ouida." Several very remarkable passages regarding the associates of Nero and the conduct of Greek life are drawn from the same rich storehouse of fiction. An instance of Dr. Brewer's treatment of the earliest history of mankind may be profitably given from the article "Adam":—

Adam died on Friday, April 7, at the age of 930 years. Michael swathed (sic) his body, and Gabriel discharged the funeral rites. The body was buried at Ghar-ul-Kens, the Grotto of Treasure. His descendants at death amounted to 40,000 souls.

Modern events are treated in a style less exact, perhaps, but very solemnly facetious. Readers are sure to turn to the article "Blimber," as one supplying a long-felt want:—

Blimber (Dr.), Head of a school for the sons of gentlemen, at Brighton. It was a select school for ten pupils only; but there was learning enough for ten times ten. Mental green peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. The doctor was really a ripe scholar, and truly kind-hearted; but his great fault was overtasking the boys, and not seeing when the bow was too much stretched. Paul Domby, a delicate lad, succumbed under this strong mental pressure.

Mrs. Blimber, wife of the doctor, not learned, but wished to be thought so. Her pride was to see the boys in the largest possible collars and stiffest possible cravats, which she deemed highly classical.

Cornelia Blimber, the doctor's daughter, a slim young lady, who kept her hair short and wore spectacles. She married Mr. Feeder, B.A., Dr. Blimber's usher.

Natural history, too, is not disregarded by Dr. Brewer, and the parody of *Mawnder's Treasury of Natural History* is very excellent in such zoological articles as that on the "Aulay":—

Aulay, a monster horse with an elephant's trunk. The creature is as much bigger than an elephant as an elephant is bigger than a sheep. King Baly of India rode on an aulay.

King Baly of India is a potentate of whom few of our readers probably have hitherto heard; and we are curious to know whether he was related to the famous Duke Baily, who, in company with Duke Humphrey, ate periwinkles with a pin in Mr. Gilbert's well-known ballad. It would be even a more curious instance, if the fact were so, of the relation of the infinitely great to the infinitely little than is Dr. Brewer's remarkable article on "Dwarfs," in which enormous eruditeness second-hand is made to bear on the minuteness of humanity. We read of Philetas, a poet who was so small that he wore leather shoes to prevent his being blown away by the wind. Dr. Brewer's guide and monitor in classical lore, the learned Ouida, must have been nodding when this paragraph was written, for the joke against Philetas was, not that he was so small, but that he was so excessively tall and thin. Calvin Philips, who weighed less than two pounds, and whose thighs were not thicker than a man's thumb, must have been a wonder and a delight to Bridgewater, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1791. But of all the dwarfs by far the most curious seems to have been Aristostatos, who was so small that no one could see him. He also was a poet, and probably the only one who without offence could bear to be called a minor poet. There are no poets

* The *Reader's Handbook of Allusions, References, Plots, and Stories*. By the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D. London: Chatto & Windus.

recorded under the article "Giants in Real Life," except Dr. Samuel Johnson, who is quaintly placed after Og, King of Bashan, and Chang-woo-goo, as the "Giant of Literature." We are told that Cornelius Magrath, the Irish giant, was "reared" by Bishop Berkeley, as if he had been an edifice within that prelate's patronage; and among historical personages of unusual height is rather unfairly included the Great Bed of Ware, whose proportions put the human giants to the blush. Bceanus, it appears, said that he had seen a man nearly ten feet and a woman fully ten feet high, but Dr. Brewer gives us no reason to suppose that Bceanus abhorred the sin of lying.

Facts, however attractively stated, cease to please as soon as it is observed that they are incorrectly stated. It would be a weary and a thankless task to follow Dr. Brewer through the jungle of his inaccuracies. Sometimes we find that he had a correct idea to start with, and lost it on the way; more often he began with a mistake. The article "Adonis" is one which can hardly have received final revision from Ouida. There is a certain laxity of style as well as of matter about this paragraph in particular:—

Shakespeare has a poem called *Venus and Adonis*. Shelley calls his elegy on the poet Keats *Adonais*, under the idea that the untimely death of Keats resembled that of Adonis.

We have here an instance of the benefits of labour. Had Dr. Brewer taken the trouble to refer to the history of Greek poetry when he was writing about Philetas and his leaden shoes, it is ten to one that he would have met with the names of Moschus and of Bion, and would have escaped another dreadful blunder. He is also unfortunate in the matter of Keats, for under another heading he volunteers the information that the review of the poem of *Endymion* in the *Quarterly Review* killed the poet. We thought it was finally settled long ago that the fatal illness under which Keats succumbed was in no way connected with the critical notices of his works. In the article "Poets of England" we are treated to a list of bards arranged in three classes of merit; the second class includes Shenstone, Keble, and Moore, while Burns and Scott are degraded to the third class, and Coleridge is omitted altogether. Dr. Brewer has the courage of Bentley in some of his proposed emendations. He observes, rightly enough, that the accent is upon the last syllable in the name Cambuscan, though he does not notice that the *can* is simply the title which we nowadays spell Khan. Accordingly he is indignant with Milton for accentuating the name falsely in a famous passage of *Il Penseroso*. Most of his readers will be of opinion that the wonderful music which Milton puts into these lines is more than sufficient excuse for so trifling a blunder, and will scarcely consent to alter

him who left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold

to

him who left of old
The tale of Cambuscan half-told,

which is Dr. Brewer's emendation. The worthy Doctor has an article in his *Reader's Handbook* entitled "Bird told me (A little)"; we think the little bird might have told him that, in correcting Milton's small error, he was fatally ruining that much more essential quality, Milton's matchless harmony of verse.

We should be doing an injustice to the width of Dr. Brewer's scope if we failed to mention the homelier instances in which he puts a fact attractively. For instance, the article "Drink used by actors, orators, &c.," is strikingly original both in matter and manner, and should be studied very carefully. We can only refer to one or two of its paragraphs. It will be, no doubt, important to hundreds of students to learn that Mrs. Jordan drank nothing but calves'-foot jelly dissolved in warm sherry. That Edmund Kent took beef-tea for breakfast and cold brandy during the rest of the day has been recorded before, but it is new to us that Miss Catley could fancy nothing but linseed-tea and Madeira. Henderson confined himself to a mixture more mysterious, though perhaps less nasty than this, for he drank only gum arabic dissolved in sherry. Among these specialists, Mr. G. F. Cooke startled us by the catholicity of his taste, for his favourite liquid is "everything drinkable."

It is not necessary that we should multiply examples of the inaccuracy or frivolity of this extraordinary volume. Almost every page would supply us with something which might fairly be objected to on the ground of taste or fact. Nor can we admire the object more than the execution of the book. The aim of the compiler has been to supply an enormous commonplace book of data that lie outside the scope of ordinary lexicons and manuals. He has not known where to draw the line; and while he has descended in some cases to chronicle the most foolish gossip, he has neglected in others to touch upon whole fields of interesting knowledge. In the matter of the plots of novels he has dedicated to Dickens alone more space than to all the other novelists put together. The existence of a *Dickens Dictionary* may have had something to do with this superfluity. Finally, the only part of the volume which we can except from our general condemnation is the dramatic; it is, indeed, out of all proportion to the rest of the work, but, taken separately, it forms a remarkably complete and accurate companion to the play-house from the earliest times to the beginning of the present century.

LAPIDARIUM WALLIE.*

THE pioneers of a novel research almost inevitably perform their work under circumstances which conduce to partial disappointment. Professor Westwood's work on the Early Inscribed Stones of Wales is one to which Cambrian archaeologists had been for some time looking forward, when the appearance of Dr. Hübner's *Inscriptiones Britanniae Christianae* anticipated it early in 1876. Their editor began his researches nearly forty years ago, and for more than half that period enjoyed facilities of inquiry and co-operation from the *Archæologia Cambrensis* and some of the earlier lights of the allied Archaeological Society. Not, however, till the year in which Dr. Hübner published his work did the Cambrian archaeologists decisively adopt Dr. Westwood's truly national project by subscribing for its publication in annual parts; and the preface to the concluding part tells us, what we can readily believe, that its completion is greatly due to the liberality of the Treasurer, the Rev. E. L. Barnwell. The works of Dr. Hübner and Professor Westwood do not cover identical ground, for, though the latter includes Roman inscriptions and sculptured stones not inscribed, this addition does not make up for the fact of the limitation of his area to the Principality and its Monmouthshire border. There is no serious cause for regret in his exclusion of the already well-edited stones of Scotland, though a few of them might have been figured with advantage; but it must be felt that the present work would have been more complete had it comprised the inscribed stones of Devon and Cornwall—in other words, of Wales south as well as north of the Bristol Channel. As may be seen from Dr. Hübner, who includes them, not many plates would have been added to the book, and, with the omission of all matter not strictly relevant, the Lapidarium would have been completer in its particular class of monuments. The course which has been adopted is the more to be regretted as it affords space for reprinting in many instances (as e.g. at p. 56 from the *Archæol. Cambr.* 1872) guesses of specious ignorance. We refer to a Brecknockshire inscription containing the names of Catacus and Tegernacus. The stone now resting in a buttress of St. Michael's Church, Cwmdû, has the undoubted legend, "Catacus hic jacit filius Tegernacus," and has been discussed by epigraphists from Daines Barrington's day down to Professor Rhys. Why then reiterate an anonymous suggestion that the letters are "Latinized Irish-Gaelic, not Welsh"? that "Catacus is the same word as Cathach; and Tegerna[cu]s as Tighearnas"; and that "both names are found combined in *Catigearn*, the assumed commander of the British forces opposed to Hengst and Horsa, and whose remains are supposed to have been interred in the cromlech, known as Kit's Coity House, Aylesford, Kent." Another example of Irish philology of the same school, occurring at p. 63, contains much that might with advantage have been omitted. It relates to the Inscribed and Oghamite stone at Trallong, Brecknockshire, which, according to Professor Rhys, bears the legend in Latin, "Cunocenni filius Cunoceni Hic jacet" (i.e. Here lies (the body) of Cyngchen, son of Cyngchen), and in Ogham "Cunacenniwi llwweto," for which (See Rhys's *Lectures on Welsh Philology*, p. 395) patient research has found an approximate interpretation. But what light or help to the analysis of the Celtic characters could follow from the quotation which Professor Westwood reprints from Mr. R. B. Brash's paper on the Ogham stones of Wales (*Arch. Cambr.*, 1869, p. 162)? "The Oghams," we are told in p. 63, were read by Mr. Brash "Cu Nacen ni fil feto," i.e. "Cunacen, a warrior pierced [by] many wounds [lies] beneath in silence," a rendering in accordance with our knowledge of the Gaedelic language, and without violence to the original, neither adding to, taking from, or altering a single letter." In the same work (1871, p. 327), as the Professor goes on to say, Mr. Brash adds "that though the word 'Ni' does signify 'a warrior,' it is here the genitive case of the preceding proper name."

It may perhaps be urged that, considering the hindrances which students of a less exact school than the Oxford Professor of Celtic might be excused for imperfectly surmounting in the difficult problem of proper names, a sufficient criterion of the merits of the *Lapidarium Wallie* may be looked for in its plates. But why, then, their uniform hue of dingy yellow—the sole point of contrast, as regards many of them, between the figures in the present work and those from which they have been virtually borrowed in the earlier volumes of the *Archæologia Cambrensis*? And this in spite of their established inaccuracy and more recent correction. Some, it is true, have been corrected, thanks to a lively passage of arms at the Cambrian meeting at Carmarthen in 1875; but others stand as they were, to wit the Spittal Stone in Pembrokeshire, the legend on which Professor Westwood still gives as EVALI FILI DENO, though the word has been shown to have two more letters. These, it is true, have been referred to in the letterpress of the *Lapidarium* (p. 109), but the drawing in fig. iii. 2, stands, if we may believe our eyes, just as it stood in the *Archæologia Cambrensis* of 1861, p. 303. Yet this is just where Professor Westwood's work might have been expected to surpass Dr. Hübner's; and we regret that he did not deem it of paramount importance to have all his drawings carefully revised. So far from this, in Mr. Longueville Jones's drawing of the Kilgerran Stone (*Arch. Cambr.* 1855, pp. 9-10), communicated in a paper by

* *Lapidarium Wallie: the Early Inscribed and Sculptured Stones of Wales*. Delineated and described by J. O. Westwood, M.A., F.L.S., &c. Oxford University Press: 1876-9.

Professor Westwood, there appear a few Ogham digits, which are again figured in the *Lapidarium* (Plate iii. 1-2, p. 110), but without any attempt at a drawing which would represent the Ogham legend in a complete form, though it is one of the most important in the Principality. And the Clydai Ogham, p. 123, plate lix. fig. 2, remains in the same incorrect form in which it was published in *Arch. Camb.* 1860, p. 125, although the Roman letters accompanying it have been at last corrected.

Professor Westwood's faith in a rubbing once made or obtained is apt to become a snare to him; whereas, in point of fact, in the case of inscribed stones, a rubbing, however exact, is hardly of any value, save as a reminder to one who has examined the stone of the forms of the letters he saw upon it. The stones are commonly so rough that the rubbings reproduce divers lines which are really no part of the letters, but which, without other criteria, are hard to discriminate from them. "Have you ever," says Socrates to Strepsiades in the *Nubes*, "when you looked up, seen a cloud like a centaur, a panther, a wolf, or a bull?" "By Jove, I have; but what of that?" "They become all things, whatsoever they please," is the philosopher's answer. And it is with stone-rubbing as with cloud-gazing. They do not assume the same form to any two observers. And this Dr. Westwood's long experience should have taught him. But what do we find about the Vitanianus stone in the *Lapidarium*, pp. 103-4?

In Gibson's *Camden*, p. 638 (Gough, *Camden*, ii. p. 521), a stone is described as standing on the N. side of the Church of Nevern, two yards high, triquetrous in form, and inscribed in Roman capital letters

VITALIANI
EMERET,

the A and L in the upper line being conjoined and the X reversed. Tegid and I searched in vain for this stone, as stated in *Arch. Camb.* 1860, p. 52, where it was added that some years previously a cross (possibly one of two described above) had been moved from Nevern to Cwm Glyn, a farm two miles distant, by Mr. Owen. Here ten years later it was discovered by Professor Rhys, who has placed in my hands the rubbing from which my figure is drawn, the letters being between three and four inches high, and occupying seventeen inches along the front of the stone. From the rubbing it appears that the second name should be read Emerito rather than Emereto, as given by Rhys, *Arch. Camb.* 1873, p. 387; 1874, 20.

So far the *Lapidarium*, and, on the strength of this rubbing the Professor adopts "Emerito" on his plate (51-8), and makes the other name VITALIANI, or something like it; and all this in spite of the evidence of personal inspection, and though there is no doubt of the right reading, the letters being in good preservation. Had he reason for doubting the reading, he should have had the stone re-examined and correctly redrawn; and the omission to do this suggests a caution to students using the *Lapidarium* not to place implicit trust in readings based on rubbings alone, without other trustworthy information to check or correct their confused testimony. Unfortunately this category includes several of which the originals are no longer known, among them a stone which Professor Westwood believes to have come from Herri Mons or Tommen y Mur, and which he gives in Pl. 78, 4; cp. letterpress, p. 156, as reading—

DM.
BARRECT—
CARANTEL.

This inscription, if implicit belief could be placed in it, would be of paramount interest, as exactly marking the transition from ordinary Roman to ordinary British inscriptions, and exemplifying the implied formula for *Dis Manibus* on this very early stone. But we fear it is too good to be true; for we recall a pathetic episode of the Cambrian meeting at Lampeter in 1878, when Professor Westwood, having got wind of another British inscription beginning with DM, was preparing his hearers to shed tears over its supposed destruction, but a vexatious struggler interrupted the melancholy tale with the glad tidings that he had just found the stone safe and sound, and that he agreed as to the DM, except that he was constrained to add that in this instance the letters did not refer to anybody's *manes*, but to David Morris, or Daniel Morgan, who, with a gentleman named Singer, had bethought himself of the old stone as a means of securing immortality. Professor Westwood, in explaining at *Lapid.* p. 149 (cf. Plate xxi. 6, Inscribed Maenhir near Cellan) that the stone had been confounded with another called "Maen pen foel gwalt gwyn," standing on the adjoining hill, lays himself open to the suspicion of having been entrapped by another little hoax of a Lampeter wag, if, as we are credibly informed, the above five monosyllables can only mean when interpreted, "The Stone with the bald top, O thou man of the white hair."

Our main ground of difference with the author of the *Lapidarium Walliae* lies in the conviction that greater pains might have procured more trustworthy representations of the stones. When he has once examined a stone, or got a rubbing of an inscription, his mind is in a state of fixity and finality about it; whereas he has been always as keen to correct his first impressions as he shows himself to record his discoveries and achievements in British epigraphy, he would probably not now have occasion to complain that Dr. Hübner thinks fit to warn his readers, in reference to a legend which he knew only on our author's showing, "Lectio nem sola Westwoodii fide stare ne obliscaris" (*Inscript. Brit. Christ.* 138, p. 49). Of the inscription referred to by Dr. Hübner Professor Westwood's version is not accurate even so far as it goes, though the stone is at Llannor, in Carnarvonshire, and has been lately removed into a position where every letter on it might be read; and if Professor Rhys's "secundae curse" came too

late for rectifying the plate, he might have set himself right in the "additions and corrections." A like reticence in the case of one of the Dolau Cothi stones makes him still seemingly acquiesce in the reading MAQVERAG of the fourth edition of Gibson's *Camden*, though the MAQVERIG of the other editions is more probably correct.

We must also say a word as to our author's language in describing, in various parts of his work, the forms of the letters with which he has to do, as, in p. 27, he speaks of a "G" of the minuscule form, and at p. 177 of another being "rudely minuscule without a top bar." This language is so puzzling that amateur stone-hunters will do well to correct their reading of the *Lapidarium* by a diligent study of Professor Rhys. It would be an ill return, however, for Professor Westwood's labour of nearly forty years in amassing materials for a work which contains plates and descriptions of every extant or traditional inscribed stone of the Principality, if we were to allow ourselves to be understood as finding fault with the book as a whole, or as implying that as a guide to one of the chief archaeological interests of Wales, it is other than a valuable work, especially if supplemented by Dr. Hübner and Professor Rhys. Such untiring industry cannot but have contributed to preserve the record of many famous stones despite the occasional drawback of critical slips; and if we cannot exactly regard the author of the *Lapidarium Walliae* as the father of Brit.-Welsh epigraphy, he has at least done very much to give it the rank of a study possessed of an individuality of its own.

FOUR MONTHS IN A SNEAK-BOX.*

OUR readers will be as much puzzled as we were ourselves to know what kind of a thing a Sneak-Box is, in which Mr. Bishop, the author of the book before us, passed no less than four months of his life. A Sneak-Box, we learn from him, is "a purely American model, developed by the bay-men of the New Jersey coast, and recently introduced to the gunning fraternity." Its inventor is Captain Hazelton Seaman—Uncle Haze, as he is familiarly called by his many admirers. Happily he still survives, and has not yet joined in the Elysian fields that group of worthies,

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluerent per artes.

Among them, indeed, he will surely be remembered when New Jersey has to yield him up to a better world. For not only has he invented the famous Sneak-Box, but also "during the year 1875 he constructed a new ducking-punt with a low paddle-wheel at the stern." What, compared with such a man as this, is even the famous Twalmley whom Johnson told of, who invented the New Flood-gate Iron and at once became great? It is not surprising that Mr. Bishop celebrates Uncle Haze's praise. "To find such a boat had been with me," he writes, "a study of years. I commenced to search for it in my boyhood, twenty-five years ago." He had travelled in seven foreign countries, carefully examining numerous small boats, he had studied the models at museums and exhibitions, but had failed to discover the object of his desire until the happy day arrived when he visited the shores of New Jersey. He shows his gratitude by writing the history, not only of the builder, but also of the boat. Happily he found generous and able help in his task. "With the assistance of William Erricksen, of Barnegat, and Dr. William P. Haywood, of West Creek, Ocean County, New Jersey, I have been able to rescue from oblivion and bring to the light of day a correct history of the Barnegat sneak-box." Into this history we shall not venture to follow our author. "The reader of aquatic proclivities," to use his own term, will, we feel sure, by no means relish a mere abstract; while to any other reader even an abstract would prove intolerably dull reading.

Enough has been said by us about the boat and its builder, and we must now follow Mr. Bishop in his long voyage. We have read it, we must confess, with considerable satisfaction. We are delighted to find that, in one point at least, the Americans are as mad as we are ourselves. Even if he had been an Englishman, president of some canoeing or Alpine club, he could not have gone intentionally and of malice prepense through a longer course of utter discomfort. He can, indeed, boast that he has made a boat voyage of 2,600 miles down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and along the Gulf of Mexico. In the last part of his voyage he may have seen something that was worth seeing, but the greater part of it seems to us to be nothing but almost intolerable discomfort. He launched his boat on the Ohio at Pittsburg in the beginning of December. For some weeks he had a race, as it were, with the frost, for he ran a great chance of being caught in the ice. In fact, in one place his boat was frozen in for some days. When it was not freezing it very commonly rained. The scenery seems to have been almost the whole way of a most dreary kind. At first he passed through the district of the coal mines, oil wells, and iron-foundries; but even when he had gone by these and escaped from the clouds of smoke, he makes scarcely any mention of scenery which could enliven the traveller on his lonely voyage. The banks of the two rivers for almost the whole course seem to have been flat.

* *Four Months in a Sneak-Box: a Boat Voyage of 2,600 Miles down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and along the Gulf of Mexico.* By Nathaniel H. Bishop, Author of "A Thousand Miles' Walk across South America," and "Voyage of the Paper Canoe." Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1880.

He had constantly a great difficulty in finding a place where he could encamp for the night. He always slept in his boat; but if he moored it he ran the constant risk of having it swamped by the waves raised by the passing steamers. If he ran it aground the wash still disturbed him, and it was far too heavy to drag with any ease up the shore. More than once, as he slept under the bank, he was nearly swamped by the mass of earth which slipped down on to his boat.

He kept during the night as far as he could from the track of the steamers, but even this course led him once into great straits. He had pushed his boat into a soft, muddy flat of willows. When he woke in the morning he found that the river had sunk in the night, and that his craft was imbedded in mud so soft and slimy that it would not support his weight when he attempted to step upon it in order to push his boat into the water. There, it seemed, he must stay till the river rose. No help could come to him, for he could neither be seen from the land nor from the vessels which passed along the other bank. He managed, however, with the willow-branches which he could reach, to make a kind of "mattress," which, when laid on the mud, bore his weight as he pushed off the boat. His meals were as cheerless as meals could be. For a long while he had no stove or spirit-lamp. The wood was too wet to allow him to make a fire. At the end of his first day on the river, which he had spent in forcing his way through the ice without having time to stop for food, he prepared his supper. "Bread and butter, with Shakers' peach-sauce, and a generous slice of Wilson's compressed beef, a tin of water from the icy reservoir that flowed past my boat and within reach of my arm, all contributed to furnish a most satisfactory meal." We notice, however, that of this cold fare he soon gets tired, and never loses a chance of having his food cooked on any friendly barge. For the first two or three weeks his meals consisted almost entirely of cold food and cold water. Even the icy reservoir did not always treat him kindly; for at times the water was so muddy that it could not be drunk till it had had time given it to settle. One morning he awoke to find that the thermometer marked only six degrees above zero and that his boat was frozen fast. His provisions were frozen also, and he had no means of melting them. Nature was too strong for him, and he was forced for a time to take refuge in that civilization from which he had so joyfully escaped. It was fortunate that it was close to a town that he was thus caught in the ice. He went to look for lodgings, and found them in the house of a German tailor. The honest man at first looked on him with great suspicion:—

He examined me closely, and having made, as it were, a mental inventory of my features, dress, &c., exclaimed, "Mine friend, in dese times nobody know who's which. I say, sar, nobody knows who's what. Fellers land here and eats mine grub, and den shoves off dere pouts, and never says 'tank you, sar,' for mine grub. Since de Confederate war all men is skamps; I does fully believe. I fights twenty-doo pattles for de Union, not for de monish, but because I likes de free government; but it is imbossible to feeds all de beebles what lands at Pleasant Run."

The tailor's wife thought it needful to apologize for her husband's bluntness. "Nobody," she said, "knows who's who nowadays. Seems as if everybody had got 'moralized by de war.' However, at last they came to trust him entirely, and gave him a better room, assuring him that they knew "who was who."

To the discomforts of the voyage and the dreariness of the scenery were added the rudeness of the boatmen and the dangers of violence both from man and beast. Mr. Bishop says that to avoid the rough characters it was necessary always to enter the night's camping-ground unobserved. When once he was secreted, and covered by the friendly shades of night, he felt perfectly safe. As he slept, he was shut in by the cover to the hold. He had a hatchet and a Colt's revolver by his side, and a double-barrelled gun, carefully charged, snugly stowed away under its deck. At New Orleans he ran considerable risk from the brutal and ignorant mob, among whom rumours had spread that he was "a national Government spy." He was protected, however, by some friendly sailors, one of whom assured him that, if he had been attacked, "they would have backed every man's head down his own throat." Generally, however, he was troubled by nothing worse than such questions as these. "Say, stranger, where did you steal that pumpkin-seed-looking boat from? How much did she cost, any way?" Though he was roughly treated at New Orleans, yet he noticed that, in the South, men seemed always to have time to give a civil answer to any necessary inquiries. This was very far from being the case in the North. In the midst of the wildness of his life he never forgot the decencies of civilization. Thus one Sunday he really did arrive at a pretty camping-ground beneath some great trees on which some parakeets were hopping about. "In this retired haunt of the birds I remained," he writes, "through the whole of that sunny Sunday, cooking my three meals, and reading my Bible, as became a civilized man." We are delighted to find that our kinsmen across the Atlantic hold with us in the faith that three good meals are an important and a solemn part of Sunday observance. We are sorry to have to add, however, that he had, not roast-beef, but an omelette and wheat grits. He did, no doubt, the best he could properly to observe the day, and we must not be too hard on him. The next day he somewhat made up for his neglect by investing, when he arrived at a town, "in a basketful of mince-pies, that deleterious compound so dear to every American heart." The author now and then openly and avowedly boasts of his country; but nowhere does he more excite the admiration of strangers than when, without the least ostentation, he thus shows us that an American, a man

old enough to have spent five-and-twenty years in search of a sneak-box, buys mince-pies for his own consumption by the basketful. Even the captains of the football clubs at our greatest public schools could not buy mince-pies by the basketful. It is in vain for us to pretend to strive with such a nation. Our roast-beef and our plum-pudding carried us safely through the long French war; but what was a race of frog-eaters compared with these men, each one of whom takes his mince-pies by the basketful?

We scarcely know whether Mr. Bishop's pride in his country adds, on the whole, to the interest of his narrative. At times it is not a little amusing, but too often it leads him into somewhat dull details. Thus he reaches Cincinnati. His heart exults as he visits this seat of the pork trade. He recounts how many pigs had been slaughtered and packed in this one town during the past twenty-one years. "The total swells to 12,300,589 hogs, duly registered as having been killed by the pork-packers." We dare say these figures are quite correct. They fail (we are ashamed to confess) to convey much meaning to our minds. A total of more than twelve million hogs is too much for us to grasp. Yet statistics are often misleading. The other day we noticed in a magazine a surprising statement about the number of eggs imported into these islands every year. Failing, as we always do fail, to seize the notion of thousands of millions, we thought that we would ascertain how many eggs every one of us—man, woman, and child—consumes each day. But we were more surprised than ever, for so highly favoured are we that, if this statement be true, the daily consumption of each one of us is about thirty-five eggs. When we think of this, we may take courage again and not be afraid even of the consumers of mince-pies by the basketful. But to return to Mr. Bishop. From pork-packing he gets by an easy and natural transition to the *Trichina spiralis*, and from the *Trichina spiralis* to the *Cysticercus cellulosus*. At first sight the parasites that infest the pig would seem to be but remotely connected with a boat-voyage down the Ohio; but yet, as the reader will have seen, there is no break in the narrative. The only pity is that Mr. Bishop found the river frozen at Cincinnati.

We are surprised to find that he has sorrowfully to own that "the study of physical geography has not been developed among my countrymen." Their maps are very inaccurate. He once asked the agent of one of the largest map establishments how he got "the interior details." "Oh," he answered, "when we cannot get township details from local surveyors, we sling them in anyhow." And yet, as Mr. Bishop points out, what a rich reward awaits every American who once grasps what we may well consider as the greatest fact of geography. But we must give this fact in his own words:—

I nevertheless feel it a duty to place on record a few facts that are well known to scientific men, if not to the writers of popular geographies, regarding the existence within the boundaries of our own country of the longest river in the world. It is time that the recognition of this fact should be established in every school in the United States. As this is a very important subject, let us examine it in detail.

THE MISSOURI IS THE LONGEST RIVER IN THE WORLD, AND THE MISSISSIPPI IS ONLY A BRANCH OF IT.

The Amazon is soon shown to be an impudent pretender, for "there is one river within the confines of our country which is eight hundred and thirteen miles longer than the Amazon." We are reminded how a friend of ours was standing, with some other Englishmen, by an American gentleman on the deck of a steamer which was leaving Constantinople. The English were admiring the mosque of St. Sophia. "I guess," said the Yankee, "we have got a bigger conventicle than that in New York." Not only may the United States boast of having the largest river and the largest conventicle; recent discoveries have proved that they have another claim to imperishable glory. A few short years ago "science was blind to the fact that the true crocodile was a member of the fauna of the United States." Happily Mr. O. J. Maynard, of Newtonville, Massachusetts, arose, and to him "belongs the honour (honor Mr. Bishop writes it) of killing and recognizing one of these huge monsters." Of these great facts we cannot pretend to speak with any authority. We are content with putting it on record in an English journal that—to use an American expression which we find more than once in the book before us—the Missouri "claims" to be the longest river in the world, the true crocodile "claims" to be a member of the fauna of the United States, and the mosque of St. Sophia could not rightfully "claim" to be as big as the biggest conventicle in New York.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE life of a great man may be written from many different points of view, and more particularly so when the great man is a great author. The latest biographer of Goethe (1) does not enter into competition with Mr. Lewes by treating his subject on the literary side, the ethical side, or in any of those aspects which are indeed the most interesting and important, but in handling which a partial failure is almost inevitable. He has confined himself to a department of less moment indeed, but in which complete success is attainable, and he has attained it. His volume is the fullest and most accurate record of the incidents of Goethe's life that can be

(1) *Goethes Leben*. Von H. Dantzer. Leipzig: Fuer. London: Williams & Norgate.

desired. It accounts for the employment of Goethe's time in the completest manner, traces out the history of all his works, and shows their connexion with the contemporary incidents of his life. A better illustration of the *votiva paleat veluti descripta tabella* could not well be found. At the same time Herr Dünzter is never dull, or trivial, or verbose. Versed in all the enormous mass of Goethe literature, he handles it with perfect ease and decision, assigns every item to its place, and deals concisely, and yet adequately, with everything. The higher qualifications of the biographer, if they exist in him, are latent here; but his undertaking does not require them. He appears simply as the arranger and condenser of a vast body of material, providing students of Goethe with a most useful companion to his writings, and more ambitious biographers with a clue which they will not disdain. Of criticism there is little or nothing; the merits of Goethe's works are taken for granted; and the commentator's task is confined to indicating the circumstances which produced them or gave them their peculiar colour. Such a treatment necessarily involves an adequate notice of Goethe's contemporaries as far as they were connected with him, and the crowd of figures thus introduced imparts great animation and variety to the narrative. On the whole, the book is most interesting; and, although its pretensions are not of a high order, it will be found more permanently valuable than many more ambitious essays in biography. The copious and excellent illustrations would alone give it importance, comprising portraits of Goethe at all periods of his life, facsimiles of his handwriting, and representations of persons or places celebrated from their connexion with him.

Dr. A. Fournier's new contributions to the history of Gentz (2) do not relate to that most interesting part of his life when he had become the *fidus Achates* of Prince Metternich. They principally concern the armed peace which existed between France and Austria from 1801 to 1805, the negotiations which transferred Gentz's services from Berlin to Vienna, and his endeavours to foment a warlike policy from the time of his entrance upon the Austrian service. These led to a temporary estrangement between him and his patron Cobenzl, then Minister for Foreign Affairs. Cobenzl, a diplomatist of the eighteenth-century school, regarded European questions solely from an Austrian point of view. Gentz, whose one moral principle was patriotism, considered them in their relation to the general interests of Europe. There is no reason to doubt the perfect sincerity of Gentz's antagonism to the Revolution; it is indeed this rare alliance of almost fanatical intensity of conviction with general laxity of principle that renders his character so interesting a study. These points are well brought out in Dr. Fournier's book, which also contains numerous and striking illustrations of the administrative disorganization of Austria at this critical period of her history.

The English translation of Prince Metternich's Memoirs (3) has obtained such general notice that it is needless to do more than record the publication of the German edition.

Christoph Falk's chronicle of the Prussian town Elbing (4) is in general uninteresting, but incorporates a very circumstantial account by an anonymous writer of the transactions between 1521 and 1526. Some parts of this are expressed with much dramatic vividness, and the whole is well worthy of publication.

Professor Brückner's (5) researches on early Slavonian settlements in the Magdeburg district are chiefly philological, and incidentally throw light on the theory of a recognizable Slavonian element in the population of the existing kingdom of Prussia.

The history of the German settlements in Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland (6) during the middle ages is full of interest. It is the story of conflict between Christianity and heathenism, civilization and barbarism, complicated by the peculiar relations occasioned by the introduction of the Teutonic Knights, whose military rule was not always acceptable to the burghers of the chief commercial towns. The native Esthonians and Letts stood in much the same situation to the settlers as the Caffres now occupy to the colonists of Natal, constituting a regularly organized, though uncivilized, community, unable to contend with the intruders on equal terms, but too numerous and too much inspired with the sentiment of nationality to be expelled or absorbed by their conquerors. At a later period Poland, Sweden, and Russia appear upon the scene, the district becomes alternately and successively their prey, and the German Confederation disappears as an independent State. The German nationality, however, remains, and the adjustment of its privileges and interests with the claims of Panslavism will one day add another to the list of international controversies. The anonymous author has treated his intricate theme with dexterity, and made an obscure and barbarous period of history so entertaining as to warrant high expectations of his second volume, which will have a direct bearing on the problems of our own day.

Dr. Nöldeke has performed an acceptable service by his trans-

(2) *Gentz und Cobenzl. Geschichte der österreichischen Diplomatie in den Jahren 1801-1805. Nach neuen Quellen.* Von Dr. A. Fournier. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Aus Metternich's nachgelassene Papieren.* Bd. I. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Christoph Falk's Elbingisch-Preussische Chronik.* Herausgegeben von M. Töppen. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Die Slavischen Ansiedelungen in der Altmark und den Magdeburgischen.* Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Geschichte der Ostseeprovinzen Liv-, Est- und Kurland von der ältesten Zeit bis auf unser Jahrhundert.* Th. I. Mitau: Siesack. London: Williams & Norgate.

lation of the section of the Arabic historian Tabari's (7) universal history, which contains the annals of Persia under the Sassanian kings. Tabari was a mere compiler, but judicious and elegant, and this part of his history is probably based upon the lost Khodha Nameh, or Book of Kings, a chronicle of the Sassanian dynasty probably corresponding to the Achaemenian annals mentioned in the Book of Esther. In general, his narrative is sober and straightforward, and the romantic traditions it contains, while greatly enlivening it, are easily separable from the authentic portion. It is also very pleasant reading.

Professor Kirchhoff (8) puts forward his theory respecting the composition of the *Odyssey* in a complete and revised form. In his view, the *Odyssey* consists of two poems, the second of which, however, never had an independent existence, but was added as a continuation to the first in the same manner as the *Orlando Furioso* continues the *Orlando Innamorato*. The first part contains the first twelve books as far as xii. 182, with the exception of Books ii., iii., iv., and much other interpolated matter. The second part comprises the remainder of the poem to the end of Book xxiii., also with numerous insertions. The date of the first part is considerably prior to the first Olympiad, that of the second about Olympiad 30. The two differ completely in structure, that of the former being, after the interpolations have been removed, homogeneous, and the piece proceeding wholly from a single author; the other being an amalgamation of distinct lays of earlier date. The union of the two constituted the text to which the editorial committee of Pisistratus had recourse. Such is the form which the hypothesis of Wolff, so far as the *Odyssey* is concerned, has assumed in the hands of Herr Kirchhoff, whose exposition includes a reproduction of the text, the supposed interpolations being distinguished by a smaller type, and whose critical views are conveyed in six excursuses and a running commentary.

The Gorgons are represented by the poets as dwelling on the confines of the Western ocean; in Greece the most violent thunderclouds commonly come from the west; the Gorgons are ugly and terrible, so are thunderstorms; there are three chief elements in a thunderstorm, cloud, thunder, and lightning, and there are also three Gorgons. It is accordingly apparent to Herr Röscher (9) that a Gorgon is the third part of a thunderstorm, and should he ever discover that Shelley describes Medusa as endowed with "the tempestuous loveliness of terror," he will probably affirm with equal reason that Shelley thought so too.

Professor H. D. Müller's essay on the development of the Aryan family of languages (10) is especially dedicated to the investigation of roots, and the decision of the question whether roots are actual words at one time in use, or mere philological abstractions. Professor Müller supports the former view, and contends for the original identity of verbal and pronominal roots in the most primitive stage of human speech.

H. Bebel (11), Professor at Tübingen in the early part of the sixteenth century, a man of considerable scholarship and humour, translated a number of the best German proverbs into very elegant Latin. Dr. Suringar has republished this curious work, with copious illustrations from the German and Dutch vernacular, and the metrical renderings of proverbs into Latin, current in the sixteenth century.

The most recently published part of the historical series edited by W. Oneken (12) is occupied by the commencement of a history of ancient India by Professor Lefmann. The period comprehended in the present instalment is that from the first Aryan settlement to the birth of Buddha. It follows that there is so far little of a strictly historical character in the work, which is rather a learned and not too abstruse treatise on Indian antiquities, covering nearly the same ground as Mrs. Manning's *Ancient India*.

The third and concluding volume (13) of Albrecht Weber's *Indische Streifen* is a contribution to Indian literature of the highest importance, being a reprint of all the notices of philological and antiquarian works relating to India, written by the learned author since 1869. As hardly anything of importance has escaped him, and Indian philological literature during the period has been remarkably rich, the collection abounds with matter of the most varied interest, while Dr. Weber's authority, it need not be said, is magisterial. Among the most important works reviewed may be-mentioned Colebrooke's Essays, Beames's Comparative Grammar of the Indian Languages, Burnell on South Indian Palaeography, Childer's Pali Dictionary, Ludwig and Grassmann's Translations of the Rig Veda, Beale and Senart on Buddhism, and Monier Williams's Dictionary of Sanscrit.

The definition of Christian Philosophy propounded by Dr.

(7) *Geschichte der Perser und Araber zur Zeit der Sasaniden.* Aus der Arabischen Chronik des Tabari übersetzt von T. Nöldeke. Leyden: Brill. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Die Homerische Odyssee.* Von A. Kirchhoff. Zweite ungearbeitete Auflage. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Die Gorgonen und Verwandtes.* Von W. H. Roscher. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Der Indogermanische Sprachbau in seiner Entwicklung.* Von H. D. Müller. Th. I. Göttingen: Vanderboeck Ruprecht. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *H. Bebel's Proverbia Germanica.* Bearbeitet von W. H. D. Suringar. Leiden: Brill. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Allgemeine Geschichte in Einzeldarstellungen. Geschichte des alten Indiens.* Von Dr. S. Lefmann. Berlin: Grote. London: Colkemann.

(13) *Indische Streifen.* Von Albrecht Weber. Bd. 3. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Trübner & Co.

Pünjer (14) is assuredly liberal, as his scheme embraces Hume and Spinoza. It is no doubt true that the general course of speculation cannot be properly followed without reference to those thinkers by whom it has been principally influenced, whatever their creed or school. The most meritorious part of Dr. Pünjer's labours is not, however, his inspection of such oft-travelled regions of thought, but his account of many obscure and forgotten thinkers whose philosophy actually conformed to Christian theology. His sketch of the philosophical opinions and tendencies of Zwingli, Taurellus, Schwencfeld, and the early Socinian school, is interesting in itself, and supplies information not readily to be met with.

Dr. J. J. Baumann (15) remarks that two essential elements may be distinguished in modern writings on ethical philosophy—the desire to follow out the development of ethics historically as the surest test of the gradual progress of mankind, and the contemplation of ethical doctrine as something already complete; the standard not of man as he is, but as he ought to be. The object of his work is to reconcile both. In a postscript he notices the appearance of Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Data of Ethics* since his own volume went to press, and expresses his general agreement with it, except in so far as it depends upon the theory of evolution, for he cannot hear of "a metaphysical hypothesis." The saving clause is almost as comprehensive as the classification of evolution with metaphysical hypotheses is amazing.

If Mme. von Racowitza's memoirs of her acquaintance with Lassalle did her little honour, they still seem respectable by the side of Herr Kutschbach's (16) undisguised bookmaking. The lady might be allowed to think that her share in Lassalle's catastrophe stood in need of explanation; Herr Kutschbach's publication can have no other object than that of pandering to a morbid curiosity. It can only be said for him that, if the documents which he prints are genuine, he will have done something to enlighten the public on a matter with which it has no concern.

Times have changed since English actors occupied the position now held by Italian singers, and riveted the attention of audiences ignorant of their language. Such was the case in Germany during the early part of the seventeenth century, until the Thirty Years' War put a stop to all public amusements. It seems the more remarkable when it is considered that the pieces which commanded such popularity in Germany were by no means the pieces of Shakspeare. They were, indeed, unworthy of the humblest of Shakspeare's contemporaries, and any little merit they may have possessed seemed to have been almost obliterated by the "gag" of the performers. That such was the case the collection of their pieces reprinted by Herr Tittmann (17), from the edition of 1620, affords ample testimony. They are but slightly above the level of puppet plays. Some of them, however, possess considerable interest from their relation to better dramas. *Fortunatus* has a certain affinity to Dekker's masterpiece and to the charming creation of Tieck, which is indeed derived from the same source. *Esther* and *The Prodigal Son* may be compared and contrasted with the old miracle plays and Calderon's *autos*. *Somebody and Nobody* is, in Herr Tittmann's opinion, older than Shakspeare. *Julio and Hippolyta*, though a tragedy, is founded on the same idea as *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The translator or adapter of these pieces was, Herr Tittmann thinks, a German, who stood in some relation with the English troupe. It is worthy of remark that so long as the English actors were strolling players their performances were given in English, but that when they settled anywhere they were bound by contract to learn German.

The life of the ancient Egyptians would probably be as fertile in incidents for the novelist as that of any other people, if we knew more of it. At present we can hardly get beyond two or three typical characters and situations. Herr Ebers has made the most of these on two former occasions, and now shows his recognition of the fact by judiciously declining to glean after himself; and, while retaining the Egyptian scenery which he knows so well how to paint, peopling the foreground with personages better known and nearer to our sympathies. In *Homo Sapiens* he depicted the life of Christian anchorites; "The Sisters" (18) is a romance of the Ptolemaic period, and the characters are mostly Greek or Roman. The principal ones are Ptolemy Physcon, the most cruel, luxurious, and oppressive, though not the least lettered, of his race, but who talks too much and does too little to produce altogether the impression designed by Herr Ebers; his sister Cleopatra, a successful study of a royal but still feminine nature, half sentimental and half voluptuous; and Publius Scipio Nasica, whose relation to Ptolemy is nearly that of a British Resident in India to a native prince. It is a matter of course that the manly and upright Roman should baffle the dissolute tyrant's plots to possess himself of the noble maiden Clea and her sister, that he should reject the overtures of Queen Cleopatra, and eventually adjust everything by the magic of his *Civis Romanus sum*. The

(14) *Geschichte der Christlicher Religionsphilosophie seit der Reformation*. Von G. C. B. Pünjer. Bd. 2. Braunschweig: Schwetschke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Handbuch der Moral, nebst Abriss der Rechtsphilosophie*. Von J. J. Baumann. Leipzig: Herzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *Lassalle's Tod. Im Auschluss an die Memoiren der Helene von Racowitza*. Von W. Kutschbach. Chemnitz: Schmeitzner. London: Klockmann.

(17) *Die Schauspiele der englischen Komödianten in Deutschland*. Von Julius Tittmann. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(18) *Die Schwestern*. Roman. Von Georg Ebers. Stuttgart: Hallberger. London: Williams & Norgate.

chief interest, nevertheless, is not in the action, but in the vivid picture of Alexandrian civilization at a period of great brilliancy, refinement, and corruption.

Rudolph von Gottschall's "Golden Calf" (19) is a combination of all things appropriate to a romance of modern society, including poetical justice. It is compounded by an experienced hand, and the result is a pleasant and moderately exciting novel of incident.

Braut in Haaren (20) is a pretty story of life in the mountainous districts of Germany, with sturdy honest peasants, gallant young foresters, blushing maidens, just enough villainy to preserve the tale from insipidity, and a happy *dénouement* at last.

Unsere Zeit (21) has several contributions of interest, especially a review of the present condition of palaeontology by Karl Vogt, significant of the general reaction against Haeckel's ultra-Darwinism; a survey of the political situation in Germany, where the writer seems inclined to despair of the Liberal cause in Parliament, and advises its supporters to rely chiefly upon the press; and an account of Hans Makart, the great contemporary Austrian painter, whose brilliancy of colouring and prodigality of invention are said to rival Rubens and Paul Veronese.

The *Rundschau* has two interesting contributions on the borderland between fiction and studies from real life (22). One, by E. Wichert, sketches the career of a political enthusiast whose heart is ultimately broken by the absorption of his own little German principality into Prussia. The other, and much more remarkable, study is a narrative by Ivan Tourguenoff, of his acquaintance with a remarkable personage, a stormy petrel of revolution, in the days of Louis Philippe and the Republic of 1848; a ragged, sinister, disreputable vagabond, with vestiges of breeding and culture, a powerful intelligence, and preternatural intuition of coming events, without the slightest power of turning them to his own purposes. So graphic is the portrait that we seem to have the very man before us. A trifling slip betrays that the translation is not from the Russian but the French. There are also a review of the Afghan expedition by an impartial looker-on, who entirely justifies the policy of the English Government; and a very interesting biography of Swammerdam, the founder of microscopic anatomy, whose scientific career was ruined by his devotion to the mystical prophetess Antoinette Bourignon.

The *Russian Review* (23) has a detail of recent archaeological discoveries in the Crimea, and a piteous account of the sufferings formerly undergone by captive Russians in the Khanates of Central Asia.

(19) *Das Goldene Kalb*. Roman. Von R. Gottschall. 3 Bde. Breslau: Trewendt. London: Williams & Norgate.

(20) *Braut in Haaren. Eine Erzählung aus dem Gebirge*. Von H. A. Münnich. Jena: Costenoble. London: Klockmann.

(21) *Unsere Zeit. Deutsche Revue der Gegenwart*. Herausgegeben von Rudolf von Gottschall. Jahrg. 1880. Hft. 1. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Klockmann.

(22) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 6. Hft. 5. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

(23) *Russische Revue: Monatsschrift für die Kunde Russlands*. Herausgegeben von C. Röttger. Jahrg. 8. Hft. 12. St. Petersburg: Röttger. London: Trübner.

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